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AT EVENING.

BY S. S.

The sun has vanished behind the hill,
The distant call of the whippoorwill
Floats through the forest's silent trees,
Borne on the wings of the evening breeze;
And over the meadows wet with dew,
Where daisies nod the long day through,
The shadows deepen and shroud in gloom
The waving grass and the clover bloom.

Above the mountain a stream of light
Comes as the round moon soars in sight,
And over the pine clad hill looks down
On meadow, valley and steepled town,
I hear the great stream's muffled roar,
As rushing along from shore to shore
It tosses the foam from the sturdy rock,
Then plunges down with a mighty shock!

Under the doorstone gray and damp,
A cricket chirps; and the firefly's lamp
Shines where the nodding violet sleeps,
And the woodbine over the old wall creeps,
The stars in the sky grow large and bright,
The flowers are closed by the dews of night,
And the breath of Nature will chase away
The dust and heat of the sultry day.

Hearts or Coronets.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "THE CURSE OF CARGWYN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"TELL me what you think of Lord Mountjoy; I am most uneasy about him." Lady Barbara said to Max, standing in the conservatory amongst the flowers with her beautiful face pale still and her large blue eyes, pathetic with the shadow of her dread, looking searchingly into Max's.

How was the Doctor to answer her? How could he put into words the cruel probability which would break her heart?

"Lord Mountjoy has had a great shock," he answered cautiously; "and at his age ——"

"Oh, his age," she interrupted quickly, "is nothing! Lord Henry Alves is ten years older, and he rides to hounds as well as ever, notwithstanding his accident a month ago."

"That is true," Max Peveril answered.

"All he wants is rest and quiet," Lady Barbara asserted confidently, crushing the leaves of a sweet scented plant between her fingers, and never looked at Max whilst she spoke this time, for fear she might read another sentence in his reluctant eyes.

"You will not leave us, Mr. Peveril; you will dine with us? It would be as well to see Lord Mountjoy as soon as he awakes," she concluded, her tone changing from one of confessed anxiety, of almost supplication, to an assumed indifference.

"I will remain," Max Peveril answered, bowing quietly.

"I will send a message to your sister," Lady Barbara added. "She will wonder otherwise what has detained you."

"You are very good," he replied. "I should be glad to speak to the messenger before he goes."

"By all means. Pray give your own instructions."

She was gathering a bouquet between the sentences, breaking off the costly blossoms recklessly, as Max saw, and grouping them mechanically as she went on.

"Send these, with my love, to Dolly," she said, giving the flowers into his hand as she passed out. "It will be a peace offering for keeping you so from her. You will find to day's papers in the library, Mr. Peveril, and Saunders will attend to your orders. We dine at half past seven. You know the way to my father's room, if you should think it necessary to look in upon him whilst he sleeps.

She was gone, and Max was alone with the flowers, warm yet from her touch, in his hand. What would she have said if she could have seen him—this calm self contained man—crush the scented blossoms passionately against his lips, whilst he paced to and fro beneath the green canopy of spreading palms and tropical foliage—if she could have seen him separate from the rest, and lay next his heart, a single waxen blossom, which he had seen her handle again and again, in arranging and rearranging her bouquet? Poor Max!

His face was very pale as he gave his note for Dolly to the butler, with the flowers—how he grudged that any menial's hand should touch them! And the man who recognized that he could not question this gentleman as he would have questioned "Lewis" reported in the servants' hall:

"Things must be very queer with my lord, judging from the Doctor's looks."

Nevertheless "my lord" came down to dinner as carefully "valeted," as immaculate in his full evening toilet as was his wont—but in his manner there was a nervous uncertainty, and in his face a gray shadow, showing that the incidents of the afternoon had left their mark. Max knew the significance of these signs, and Lady Barbara too surely guessed it, Max could not meet her eyes all through the meal because of a look in them which went to his heart. Yet she responded with watchful promptitude to the little sallies with which Lord Mountjoy strove to cover his nervousness, and did the honors to their guest with courteous punctiliousness.

Max would have excused himself immediately after dinner, but Lord Mountjoy would not hear of his leaving; and Lady Barbara made him a sign—a quick half confidential gesture—which compelled him to remain until her father had retired at an early hour.

"I have a question or two to ask you, Mr. Peveril," she said, as soon as she was alone with him. "Will you tell me how it all happened—how we escaped?"

"Lady Barbara, let me beg of you not to insist upon an answer—indeed it is best to let the subject rest for the present."

"No; I ought to hear"—repressing a shudder. "It seemed so inevitable. The horses——"

"Are the only sufferers, happily."

"My poor pretty pets! Is it so? I was so fond of them." The tears stood in her eyes. "But I ought to be thankful," she said, "that we are both safe. How was it? You have not told me."

"I hardly know," Max answered, and with truth.

"Were you not there? I see. You came up afterwards. The pole must have broken—mercifully in time. We had a narrow escape indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" Max echoed, relieved that she had so settled the matter.

At the same moment a sharp pain in his right shoulder, which hinted at a different agent in the rescue, caused him almost to drop the hand which she held out to him.

"Good night," she said. "Will you ask your sister to come and see me early to-morrow? And thanks for your kind assistance this afternoon. May I ask you to visit Lord Mountjoy in the morning?"

But Lord Mountjoy's valet was waiting for Max in the hall. His lordship would like to see Mr. Peveril once more. His lordship was so nervous and unstrung that it was an unnecessary precaution, no doubt; but could Mr. Peveril make it convenient to remain the night at Clavering? Lord Mountjoy would esteem it a favor.

Poor Max! The Fates were indeed against him. Of what avail were all the efforts he had made to save himself? An uncontrollable destiny was impelling him on to the fatal rocks, where he knew that he must make terrible shipwreck, and he could do nothing but submit.

He prescribed for Lord Mountjoy, and, directing that he should be called if any change took place, he retired to the apartment which had been prepared for him. His head was burning, his pulses were throbbing, and, in addition to the mental strain, an anguish of physical pain was fevering his blood and disturbing his brain. He threw open his window and leaned out into the still sweet midsummer night. The moonlight lay white on the lawn, and the clustered trees stood dark and motionless in the breezeless silence. Surely it was a scene to calm the most disturbed nerves.

The young Doctor bathed his hot temples and drank deep draughts of water from the *carafe* on his table. Was there nothing in his pharmacopœia which would cure this madness, which would calm this wild hopeless fever? Alas, nothing! He must even endure it as a just punishment for his mad presumption.

The great house sank into the quiet night, and for hours Max paced the floor of his room, haunted by the touch of a hand, pursued by the sound of a voice, self reproachful, despairing. In the struggle with himself he had forgotten what should have been professionally his first thought—the condition of his patient. He was suddenly recalled to his duty. The silence of the night was broken by the ringing of bells, the tread of hurried feet, the strange heart-sinking panic of a midnight alarm.

Agitated voices summoned "the Doctor;" and Max, already on his way, was confronted on the threshold of Lord Mountjoy's room by a white robed figure with floating dishevelled hair.

"My father is insensible; he is not dead," Lady Barbara said, looking defiantly at him as her voice sank to a whisper on the terrible word, as if she challenged him in her despair to confirm her worst dread.

"No; he is not dead;" Max answered, laying his hand on the scarcely beating heart. "Clear the room!"—looking at the crowd of terrified domestics who already thronged the apartment. "More air and more light, and a steady hand here."

The professional instinct was in the ascendant now. The orders came sharp, imperative, although it was Lady Barbara who obeyed them; the steady hand never shrank, although it was Lady Barbara's soft white fingers which were in readiness in response to the Doctor's call.

Through the lone hours which followed, when he and she watched together in the solemn hush, and the intimate association of such anxious vigils, the young Doctor guarded himself with stern resolution, never once glancing over at the beautiful wistful face on the opposite side of the bed, nor suffering his thoughts to stray from the insensible figure of the old nobleman to the pale, pathetic presence of his fellow-watcher. And yet that presence filled the room—nay, the whole world for him. Unhappy Max!

"A telegram can be sent now," he said, at last looking at his watch as the sound of stirring life and the yellow light of the morning sun found their way into the sick room. "For whom do you wish to send? I do not know who is Lord Mountjoy's physician."

"Sir Lomax Field," she answered, as his eyes turned away from the mute agony of appeal in hers.

He wrote the message and handed it to the servant, and as he did so no throb of personal ambition or of roused hope at the great man's name stirred within him. All that was dead, crushed beneath a predominant, overmastering passion.

The long hours dragged on, and the Doctor's unremitting efforts were rewarded by signs of life in his patient. And then there came not Sir Lomax, but a message that he had been called way to the north of England, was expected to return almost immediately, and would proceed at the earliest moment to Clavering.

When he came, another anxious night's watch had been gone through, and the watchers were faint and haggard; but Lord Mountjoy had passed through the crisis and was almost himself again.

"I could not have done better for him if I had been on the spot from the first moment," the great man said with professional generosity, holding out his hand to Max, whilst Lady Barbara thanked him with eloquent eyes.

Max responded to the greeting of his former chief with his left hand.

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir Lomax, quickly. "What is the matter with your right arm? I see"—manipulating the injured limb with a scrutinizing look into Max's drawn face—"shoulder out of place. When did this happen? Two days ago"—as Max murmured something meant to be audible only to himself—"and not attended to yet! Ah—hum—I see"—glancing at Lady Barbara. "My dear fellow, are you the only medical man in these parts?"

The two surgeons retired together, and Lady Barbara stood where they left her, lost in thought, with the light breaking on her. This man, from whom she had exacted such close attendance, who had given it with such uncompromising devotion, had all the time been himself suffering cruelly, and neglecting his own hurt to administer to his patient's. And how and when had the injury come? Could it be that he was the hero of that story of the escape which he would not tell, and which she had passed over so lightly?

Lady Barbara promised herself to look into the matter; but in the meantime Lord Mountjoy was aroused, and was calling for her, and for the moment her hands and thoughts were full.

CHAPTER V.

"MR. PEVERIL deserves your ladyship's fullest confidence, and I leave Lord Mountjoy in very good hands," Sir Lomax Field said to Lady Barbara as he took his leave. "If any complication should arise, and you should think it necessary, I will run down again; but my young friend here understands the case, and can give it his undivided attention. There is nothing more for me to say."

This was to Lady Barbara; to Max the great authority said:

"Lord Mountjoy is breaking up—has been breaking up for some months past. This shock may be the final touch, or he may rally again—but I hardly think he will. My own opinion is that the end is not far off; but we need not say so to the daughter, poor thing. Take care of that shoulder of yours—no riding yet awhile—and look here, Peveril, if you should change your mind, when all this is over"—with a glance towards Lord Mountjoy's room—"come up to London and report yourself to me. We want such as you," the great man added as he held out his hand to his pupil. "And I think I see my way to a berth which will suit you."

This was said on the terrace steps, and another heart beside Max's beat high at the words. For Dolly heard them too, as she came up the grassy slope from her home, and her cheeks glowed, and her dark eyes flashed under her gypsy-hat.

"Oh, Max," she exclaimed the next moment, catching sight of his sling, "what has happened to your arm?"

"It is nothing," said Max lightly.

"Whom have we here? Is this Mrs. Peveril?" asked Sir Lomax, looking with undisguised approbation at the charming little figure.

"Sir Lomax Field—my sister," responded Max.

Sir Lomax lifted his hat.

"Bring Miss Peveril with you, if you come to London," he said, as he ran down the steps, and Dolly smiled and bowed her farewell.

"Oh, Max," she exclaimed, as they turned back to the house together, "I always said if you could only meet Sir Lomax! And now it has all come together!"

Dolly stopped short. What did Max know of her dream under the lilacs and—— Dolly was afraid to pursue her own thoughts further. It was enough that Sir Lomax had spoken those triumphant words, and that her long pent up ambition for Max was on the point of being realized. She was so elated that she had almost forgotten Lord Mountjoy's illness and Max's wounded arm.

"You will have to be doctor's assistant today, Dolly," said Max. "You must go into Overton and get me these things."—showing a list he had drawn up. "Be careful to get the drugs at Wormald's—Peterson's people are careless sometimes."

"Yes, Max. I must see Lady Barbara first. Lord Mountjoy is better then?"

"He is conscious—yes, Dolly. Would it be possible—could you—prepare Lady Barbara gently?"

"For what? Oh, Max, it will kill her!" Dolly exclaimed, as she caught Max's meaning. "Oh, must it be? Can nothing be

done?"—appealing to him as if he held the issue of life or death in his hands.

"Hush, Dolly! I do not know. But Lady Barbara should be prepared. The shock——"

"Nothing will ever prepare her, Max," said Dolly simply; "it is too great a sorrow. Perhaps it will not be?"

"Perhaps not," replied Max, doubtfully. But in his heart he knew better. "Go to her now, Dolly, and make her take some rest; she is worn out. Lord Mountjoy is in no immediate danger, and she—she will need all her strength. I am going now to see the people at Fox's Hollow, and one or two more. I shall be here again this afternoon. Get me the drugs before evening; I shall be at home by six o'clock at the latest."

Dolly looked anxiously at the black circles under his eyes, at the haggard, weary face and helpless arm.

"Oh, Max, you want rest too!"

"I shall get it by-and-by. I must see these people. Go to Lady Barbara now, Dolly."

Dolly passed through the richly furnished rooms and up the great stately staircase, and the silence and the shadow of death seemed spread like a pall over all the splendor. Dolly was an *habitues* of the house now, and was used to finding her way unannounced to Lady Barbara's morning-room. Lady Barbara was there, writing letters with a rapid hand, and she greeted Dolly warmly.

"Papa is sleeping," she said, "and Malan is with him. It has been a terrible time. Thank Heaven, it is over! Will you copy these telegrams for me?"

She was pale, but radiant. The tension of a great dread was relaxed. Lord Mountjoy had revived, and all would be well. The impending sorrow, as Dolly said, was too great for her to grasp.

"Dolly," said she presently, as she gathered up her pile of letters, with her usual quick, almost imperative action, "how can we—how can Lord Mountjoy ever express to your brother our sense of the service he has rendered us? Sir Lomax was perfectly satisfied to leave us in his hands."

"And you are satisfied too, as well as Sir Lomax?" asked Dolly, with proud humility.

"Satisfied? I am grateful. I am delighted. But his own hurt—how did it happen?"

Dolly could not tell; she could only guess, as Lady Barbara did—for Max would give no explanation.

The Doctor's hands were very full that day. All Gurton seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to require his services and Lady Barbara's urgent messages followed him from cottage to cottage. In spite of her allayed fears, she could not bear him to be absent more than an hour at a time from her father's room. Lord Mountjoy had rallied astonishingly, but Max did not trust the improvement.

"Would your ladyship like to call in Mr. Lewis?" he suggested towards the afternoon, addressing Lady Barbara, for the first time, with conventional deference. "I believe Mr. Lewis has attended at Clavering."

"In the servants' hall only," Lady Barbara answered. "I am quite satisfied; Lord Mountjoy is quite satisfied, Mr. Peveril. We do not wish for any further advice. And my father is so much better," she added brightly.

Max turned away to avoid the confirmation she evidently looked for.

Dolly executed her commissions at Overton, but not so satisfactorily as she could have wished. Mr. Wormald could not supply her all the drugs on the list—his "parcel from London" was behind its time, after the manner of country tradesmen's parcels—so she was forced to apply to the rival chemist Peterson. It was a warm day, too, and she came in tired and heated—for she had insisted on Max's taking the little pony carriage for his rounds to-day—to find two or three summons for the Doctor, and to sigh over the long delayed rest for him.

She had just sent away the dinner, which had been kept waiting until every dish was cold, in the faint hope that he might be spared from Clavering long enough to eat it at home, when Max looked in.

"Here, Dolly, quick!" he said. "Come to the surgery and help me. This arm of mine is rather in the way, and I have to see a child again at Fox's Hollow before dusk, and I must be back at Clavering again after that. Give me the things from Overton;" and he looked them over and sorted them. "Your hand will be steadier than mine—I have only the left—fill up this phial from the bottle on the table." He read the label as he handed it to her. "Yes, that is right; but you went to Peterson's after all."

"Wormald had not all the things."

"Well, never mind. Now drop this gently into the measure."

It was not the first time that Dolly had acted as doctor's assistant or dispenser; she was left-handed, and quick at her lesson—capable little woman that she always was.

"Thank you," Max said, when she had finished. "Now I will take these along with me."

"You will come back after you have been to Clavering?"

"Yes; I must come back, but only for an hour or two. I must see that poor Mrs. Sawtell again to-night."

And when was his turn for rest to come? Dolly went back with her smooth forehead all wrinkled up into little anxious puckers, and set herself to put the surgery in order.

She was so restless this evening that she could not sit still. She wished Max had been able to stay at home; she wanted to talk to him so much, to ask him so many questions about Sir Lomax. And then there was Lord Mountjoy and the accident. Dolly had never heard a real account of it all. There were a dozen vague reports, and only Max could give the real version. Dolly had never felt so unsettled before. Surely there must be thunder in the air, or something was going to happen. She flitted in and out from the garden to the house and from the house to the garden, growing more restless every moment. Would Max never come?

He came at last, and dropped wearily into an arm chair.

Dolly hastened to bring him a cordial of her own making, and of sovereign efficacy, as she believed.

"Poor old Max!" she said tenderly, stroking his hair as she administered her posset. "Is your arm so very painful?"

"Not very," he answered—"not now at least. But, Dolly—she—Lady Barbara wants you very early to-morrow. You may do a great deal to spare her; she has a terrible trial before her."

"Is Lord Mountjoy worse to-night?"

"No—he is a little better."

"He may get well again?"

"It is not likely. But he may linger yet, and that would prepare her," he added, half to himself.

"Tell me about Sir Lomax, Max."

"You heard—he has not forgotten me; he proposed my going to London."

"And you will go?" questioned Dolly breathlessly.

"Yes; I shall go," Max answered. "It will be the best thing—now," he added half to himself.

"Oh, Max, I am so glad!"

She had forgotten Lord Mountjoy, she had forgotten even Lady Barbara and her great sorrow, in the grand fulfilment of her dream, in the triumphant future which she saw for Max.

But there was no triumph in Max's tone. He sat with his head drooped on his breast, and his uninjured arm hanging listlessly by his side. There was a wistful, far away look in his haggard eyes, like the look of a man who was bidding farewell to the best part of life, rather than that of one who was inspired with a high hope and a worthy ambition. But then he was so tired, Dolly said to herself in the chill to her own warm enthusiasm. He would be as glad as she was when he was rested and was himself again.

He sat for some time answering her eager questions and words by monosyllables; then he roused himself.

"I must go," he said.

A moment later his voice sounds from the surgery loud and sharp.

"Dolly!"

"What is it?" she asked, as she came running in to him.

He was standing with a bottle in his hand, one of those she had brought from Overton that afternoon—the one from which she had filled up the draught for Lord Mountjoy a couple of hours before.

"Who has been here in the surgery?" he demanded.

"I—only I," she hastened to reply, her voice faltering at his look and tone.

"Is this the bottle you brought from Overton to-day?"

"Yes," she said. "You saw it before; you gave it to me to fill up the phial—don't you remember? Oh, Max, what is the matter?"

"If he has taken it, he is a dead man! How could I have trusted Peterson's people?" Max muttered to himself, out of Dolly's hearing, as he strode past her, where she stood transfixed with astonishment, in the doorway.

CHAPTER VI.

MAX PEVERIL dashed from the house to the stable, calling loudly to the astonished groom, and helping, with frantic haste, to saddle the horse, which had just been stabled for the night. In less than five minutes he was riding, regardless of Sir Lomax's prohibition, headlong through the green silent lanes. Once he tore out his watch; it was already two hours since he had last left Clavering—had left his orders and that fatal draught. Max's brain fairly reeled as he thought of it. Pray Heaven he might yet be in time! A terrible picture haunted him as he sped along between the rows of trees, ghostly in the moonlight—the picture of poor unconscious Lady Barbara administering that deadly potion with her own hands, all innocent of the death it held! It was horrible—horrible! No wonder Max urged his horse to frantic speed for the second time within those few days—it was a race with death.

He was so absorbed in his own terrible thoughts that he did not remark a lurid light which began to spread over the sky westwards. It was not until he had mounted the hill which lay between him and Clavering that the phenomenon forced itself on his notice. What was it? There was no chalk-burning furnace in that direction, and no bonfire could spread so wide a blaze. It must be a fire. But where? He passed a great clump of trees which obscured his view, and then the truth became all too plain—Clavering House was on fire!

Had fate, worsted once in the conflict, set itself with irresistible malice against the doomed house? Was no engine of destruction to be left untried? Max asked himself as he sped onwards.

Bursts of flame flashed through the heavy columns of smoke and lighted up the building as he drew nearer. How had the fire taken such hold so quickly? The wind, which had risen since sunset, fanned the blaze, and it spread rapidly.

Max was half way through the park now, and he could see that it was the west wing in which Lord Mountjoy's room was situated. What if the helpless old man had been surrounded there by the insidious enemy before he could be extricated! What if—Max's heart leaped up at the thought—the fire—had forestalled that other death, and saved him,—Max—from a life-long horror of remembrance?

The next moment Max had turned his back on the tempter, in quick shame at the transitory thought. And then a new and ghastly possibility half-maddened him. What if Lady Barbara, watching by her father's side, weary, and sleeping perhaps, had been surprised by the terrible invader?

It was so indeed. As he rode into the excited crowd already gathered on the lawns beneath the windows of the burning wing, he heard the cry, repeated from mouth to mouth:

"My lady! My lady!"

Max threw himself from his horse and pushed his way to the front.

"Where is Lady Barbara? Is Lord Mountjoy safe?" he demanded of the women who stood there wringing their hands.

"No, no!" a dozen voices answered. "The fire began in his lordship's room; and, when we found it out, the smoke was so strong no one could get in to him. My lady tried—she was asleep in her own room—at the first, but could not come near—no one of us could. And now she wont leave the staircase, and she will be lost. For Heaven's sake, sir, make her come away! It's too high for the ladders—the men have tried. And it's all in a sheet of flame, besides."

Max did not wait to hear the end. He dashed on and into the building, passing half a dozen of the men, scorched and blackened, driven back by the fiery heat, as he mounted the staircase.

"My lady won't stir from the corridor," they called out to Max, "and we can't get higher."

"Save him! Save him!" cried Lady Barbara, as Max, breathless and excited, appeared before her. "Lord Mountjoy is there still"—pointing to where a dense column of smoke, with lurid flashes of flame, rolled downwards. "It is not too late; it cannot be too late; he may be only stupefied. There is not a moment to lose!"

Max sprang forward, but, as he set his foot upon the carved oak staircase, the landing above fell with a crash, and the corridor was blocked with burning debris, forcing Lady Barbara to flee before the heat and smoke to the farther end of the gallery, and cutting off the way back for her and for Max.

Max followed her, shaking the fiery sparks from his hair and face as he did so.

"The tower!" he said to her. "It is the only chance!"

"Papa!" was all her answer. "Leave me and save him! No, I will not leave this spot until he is in safety. Go—go—by the other stairs!"

There was another way round to Lord Mountjoy's apartment, and Max knew it. It yet might be reached by a desperate venture through the burning mass. But then how would that avail? The room itself was in flames; the men must long since have thought of that other way, and given it up as hopeless. And Lady Barbara?

The fire was crackling on the panelled walls, and leaping from point to point of the raftered roof; the old oak burnt like touch-wood.

Lady Barbara, with her dress held tightly about her, was retreating, step by step, before the deadly advance, and still refusing to leave her father to his fate—a fate long since fixed, as Max knew. Soon—long before he could return to her—if he ever did return—the way of escape would be cut off. Could Max have sacrificed her thus in any case, and, with his terrible knowledge, could he do it now?

If his draught had been duly administered—and Max did not doubt—it would explain the unchecked progress of the fire in the first instance. What was there left to save up there in that burning chamber? Could Max give up the living for the dead? No! He hurried back to Lady Barbara's side.

"It is impossible," he panted. "It is too late."

"You have wasted the last precious minutes; you have taken away his last chance! No, it is not too late!" she contradicted imperatively, beside herself with anguish. "You are afraid!"—looking disdainfully into his white face. "I am not afraid—let me pass. I will go to him. At least I can die with him!"

But Max held her back—with no light force now—as she struggled against him.

"Let me go!" she commanded, astonished, indignant, half sobbing in her agony. "For every moment that you hold me back from him, you lay upon yourself the brand of his murderer!"

The word struck Max like a bullet from a pistol. Yes, he was his murderer! The confession was upon his lips, the words were almost spoken—how else could he save her?—when a forked tongue of flame, more daring than its fellows, darted from the burning roof, and caught Lady Barbara's dress.

Max tore off his coat, smothering the fire and wrapping her round, and then, lifting Lady Barbara in his arms, unmindful in his excitement of his hurt, he bore her through the doorway into the tower. The heavy portal shut out for the moment the heat and the flames. Here at least they could breathe. But for how long? The roaring of the enemy, hungry for its victims, was heard behind the barrier—how long would it be kept at bay?

Max dashed open the narrow window.

"A ladder—a ladder!" he shouted, hopeless of being heard in the confusion, waving his handkerchief from the opening. "Lady Barbara is here!"

She had sunk down upon the floor in a white heap, with her head against the wall, not insensible, as Max saw, but exhausted by the force of her emotions, stunned and overpowered. Would they never come? Had they heard him? To retreat up the winding stairs would be to place themselves farther and farther from help. No ladder could reach them there, and in Lady Barbara's state it was well-nigh impossible to ascend higher; for the strain on Max's wounded arm was making itself felt. Had they gained this shelter only to perish after all?

A hoarse cry swelled up from below. Another sound, like the prolonged roll of thunder, mingled with the tumult of voices, the din of breaking glass and falling rafters. A minute later—a long breathless minute—and a helmeted head looked in upon the prisoners—another and another.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Max; as he knelt by Lady Barbara's side, trying to rouse her. "The Overton Fire Brigade has come! She is saved!"

* * * * * *

"Can you stand by helplessly and see him die?" Lady Barbara is appealing frantically to the crowd, as she stands, herself in safety, on the lawn. "Are you men? Can you let him perish—an old man—a sick man too? Can you be so cruel? And he has been so good to you! Save him!"

"My lady, it is impossible; the room is a sheet of flame," a fireman answers her.

"You can do it," she cries, still unconvinced—unwilling to believe the terrible truth. "You can bring him out. Take these!"—stripping the jewels from her arms and fingers, and unclasping the locket at her throat. "A thousand pounds—no, my whole fortune to the man who rescues him!"

The man shakes his head gravely, solemnly. He is a man who has braved death a thousand times, who would brave it again without fee or reward for the shadow of a chance of saving life; but he knows that there is no such chance here—that it is all over.

"I am only a woman," cries Lady Barbara, beside herself; "but I will go!"

A hoarse murmur comes from the crowd, as she breaks away and flies once more towards the burning pile.

But Max's feet are swifter than hers.

"It is useless; it is worse than useless," he protests as he bars her way. "Lady Barbara, you must come away."

She turns upon him passionately. The man who has risked his life twice for her and hers, whose arm, wrenched from its bandages, hangs a second time, for her sake, helpless by his side—the man who has faced death in its most terrible forms for her, who loves her with a deep passion which makes every hard word of hers a cruel stab.

"You!" she exclaims. "You who killed him, who wasted on my safety his last hope! Go, go—the sight of you sends me mad! Leave me!"

"There is just one chance, my lady," the superintendent of the Fire Brigade says hesitatingly, coming up where Max stands with drooping head, stricken by her words, before her. "Lord Mountjoy's valet is missing; he may have removed his master to a place of safety, and have been unable, in the confusion, to communicate the fact, or, it may be, to leave his master. They may still be found safe. It is a chance, my lady; only a chance, I admit—yet——"

But Lady Barbara cannot bear the word of hope; wildly as she has fought against conviction. She spreads out her hand blindly towards Max, staggers, and falls, ere he can support her, insensible at his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A 12-year old girl plays the cornet in South Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

PARTING.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The shades fall round us and deep darkness lies
On every path where Faith points out the way;
The only stars the brightness of your eyes
That bid me wait the dawning of the day.

Our morning was so fair, our even so sweet,
What though the early night with gloom is rife!
Without the night the day were incomplete,
Nor youth and love rise to a better life.

The soft, contented sleep of perfect rest
Will not come to our hearts, nor mem'ry lend
Forgetfulness, albeit we may be blest,
For e'en the night of Death breaks to an end.

And there are night-flowers too that we may wear,
Altho' less gaudy than the buds of light,
While gentle dreamings such as hope may bear,
Will make the clouded future seem more bright.

Joy cometh in the morning—live the night
With prayer and patience—it has much of pain—
But faith believes that in the dawning light
The true and pure in love will meet again.

The Haunted House.

BY T. B.

NO doubt there were people in the city who could have told the earlier history of the place; but if so, they had long since moved into a locality where the subject was never discussed. The neighbors knew little concerning it, except that for years it had presented a forsaken appearance, though tenanted by two people, and was always called the Haunted House. Its occupants were seldom visible; but a few people opposite, who took an interest in watching it, would occasionally see a tall, thin woman, who appeared like a respectable servant, always clad in a red-brown, simply fashioned garb, receiving milk, vegetables, or meat from the milkman, grocer, or butcher, the only persons who ever called; for, since the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the upper door-bell had not been rung.

The people who were most versed in neighborhood gossip knew the owner of the house as a pale, tall, quiet man, who did night-work upon some morning daily paper. He was a member of the editorial staff; and, since he worked by night, it followed that he must sleep by day, and that was one reason for having the house kept so still.

Once or twice, when there was a sort of slow, ghost-like house cleaning going on, the neighbors caught a glimpse of rich curtains at the windows, and what appeared to be exquisite paintings upon the walls, in elegant frames; and at this they marvelled, if possible, more than ever.

At last came a sort of key to this mystery in the advent of an old lady who had lived in the street years before. She came to visit a fourteenth cousin in the house opposite, and was scarcely welcomed until she spoke of the Haunted House, but from that moment was the hero of the hour.

"Mr. James moved into this very house you live in," she said, "nearly twenty years ago. It was new then, and I came to help them to get settled. The house opposite, which you speak of as the house with a ghost in it, looked anything but ghostly then. I knew the owner, Mr. Cameron, by sight. He had just come into a nice little property, and was upon the eve of marriage.

"Mr. Cameron was a gay, dashing sort of a fellow, went much into society, and kept a handsome pair of horses in the stable round the corner, used often to ride out with his betrothed, and, when all was finished, brought her one day and took her upon a visit of inspection through the house; then they came down and rode away.

"He took possession—that is, moved in with a housekeeper and servants the very next day. Cards were issued for his marriage, and, when the ceremony was over, there was to be a grand breakfast at the house; then the young couple were to leave upon a wedding tour.

"The house was gay with flowers in festoons and arches, bouquets, baskets, and the like; every window was opened, and the people stared in passing. There was even the carriage at the door to take him to the church, when a messenger came with a telegram. A few moments afterwards, Mr. Cameron appeared at the door in an ordinary suit, and entering the carriage was driven furiously away. In half an hour he returned, and the blinds were closed at once.

"Some said his intended bride was dead, but that could not be, for he never left the house to attend the funeral or went into mourning. Others said, and I believe it to be true, that someone made trouble between them at the last moment, and induced her to marry another man and leave the city an hour before she was to marry Mr. Cameron."

She paused, for one of her listeners uttered an exclamation—a boy in the uniform of a telegraphic messenger was going up the steps to the Haunted House; he even rang the bell.

"It is Saturday afternoon," someone said, "and Mr. Cameron is home; he does not go out on Saturday nights."

The woman with the sun bonnet opened the door, took the message, and the boy waited outside. After some delay she returned, and the bonnet had fallen from her head, and revealed a thin, pale face, and a heavy head of silver white hair. She gave the boy an answer, and he departed.

A little later, two of the brown front blinds upon the second floor were opened, disclosing delicate lace curtains yellow with age. The woman with the white hair was moving about, airing and dusting the room.

Later still—it was nearly dusk now—a carriage stopped at the door. But there was no ring at the bell, for two persons, the woman with the silver hair and Mr. Cameron himself, came down the steps together to meet the two in the carriage; one, an invalid, apparently, and closely veiled: the other, a fair young girl, scarcely twenty years of age.

The woman with the white hair almost took the invalid in her arms and assisted her up the steps; Mr. Cameron pressed her hand and offered his arm to the young lady; then all disappeared within the house.

"The young lady is the image of the lady he was to marry so long ago," said the old woman opposite, who had been telling Mr. Cameron's story; "and the invalid is the lady herself. She has come back to him after all these years."

* * * * *

No word was spoken as the quartet went slowly up the staircase to the large front chamber, whose blinds had been opened for the first time in years, only a few moments ago.

When they entered the room, the invalid, assisted by the young lady, drew the veil from her face.

"I have only came back to die, Max," she said, feebly. "Otherwise I would not have come at all. But you sent me word to come once and as I could not bear to leave my child fatherless, motherless, and alone in the world. I came to you, knowing you had at least kindness in your heart for me, and would care for her in memory of what I was to you long ago, before I took the misguided step which embittered both our lives."

"Do not speak of that now," he answered, gently. "This room was to have been yours as a bride. I give it to you now as long as you care to remain with me."

She then presented her daughter Alice, and as the young girl put out her hand to him, and murmured some gentle thanks for his kindness, he stooped and kissed her upon the forehead. Then Alice was presented to the woman with the silver hair as her mother's old nurse, Mrs. Warren, who had found a home with Mr. Cameron ever since the time her wilful young mistress had married and left her behind.

This was the beginning of days, weeks, and even months of watching and nursing, for Mrs. Adams was stricken with a slow consumption, and lingered long after the disease had worn her into such a shadow that, had any from without seen her, they surely would have thought the house contained at least one ghostly occupant.

But there came a day when their nursing and watching were over, and the weary woman went to her long home.

Max provided suitable mourning for Alice, supported her to the grave, and showered upon her thousands of delicate and thoughtful attentions in the first days of her sorrow, when, quite worn out with grief and watching, she was obliged to take a little rest and thought for herself.

Max had given up his editorial position long since; he had other occupation for his mind. One evening, about a month after her mother's death, Alice tapped at the library door softly, for Max sat within, musing before the fire alone.

"I want to speak with you, Mr. Cameron, please," she said, as she came forward, with something of hesitation and shyness in her manner.

Max rose and gave her a chair.

She sat down, a slight black robed figure, with a pale face and dark brown eyes and hair.

"What is it, little Alice?" Max asked, as she waited, seeming loth to speak.

"I want to tell you something which I do not know how to say," she replied.

"Can I help you say it?" he asked, gently.

"I do not feel, after all your great kindness, that I have the right to burden you longer, sir!" she said, nervously, at last.

There was a silence for a moment between the two.

She sat with her white hands clasped over her lap; her eyes were downcast and her lips a trifle unsteady; while Max regarded her, his heart beating so loudly, he felt every throb must fill the room with sound.

"So you wish to leave me?" he said. "You are not happy here, little Alice? The house is too grave, and I am too sorrowful and old?"

"Ah, no, no!" she exclaimed earnestly. "This is the only real home I ever had, and I am very happy here."

"You wish to seek other friends, perhaps?" he said; and while he waited for her answer his heart beat faster than before.

"I have no friend," she said, "but you. But because you are my only one, I have not the right to trespass upon your friendship to a greater extent than I have already done."

"Alice, you know my life has been a joyless one!"

"I know," she answered, sadly.

"Dear child, how I should like to tell you something if I were not old."

In a moment she was kneeling beside him.

"I am old, too," she said.

"You, child?"

And he looked down into the fair, womanly face.

"Do you know what I would tell you if I had the courage? And—and you are trying to help me, dear. Do you know, if I dared, I would ask you for my wife, Alice?"

"Yes," she answered, bravely, though with kindling cheeks and downcast eyes; "I know."

"And do you love me a little, Alice—just a little?"

"Yes, yes," she softly said. "But I did not know you cared for me, and that was why I wished to go away."

"Ah, my darling, if you will stay with me I shall be well recompensed for all the dark years of the past."

So the house with a ghost in it lost its name altogether, for they let in the sunlight from without and there was the firelight, the lamp of peace and light of love within.

BLUSHING AND TURNING PALE.

BLUSHING is occasioned by sudden dilatation of the small blood-vessels, which form a fine net-work beneath the skin, and when they admit an increased volume of red blood cause the surface to appear suffused with color. Blanching is the opposite state, in which the vessels contract and squeeze out their blood, so that the skin is seen of its bloodless hue. The change effected in the size of the vessels is brought about by an instantaneous action of the nervous system. This action may be induced by a thought, or, unconsciously, by the operation of impressions producing the phenomenon habitually. In a word, blushing may become a habit, and is then beyond the control of the will, except so far as the will can generally, if not always, conquer any habit. It is almost always useless, and is certainly seldom worth while, to strive to cure a habit of this class directly. The most promising course is to try to establish a new habit which shall destroy the one it is desired to remedy. For example, if blushing is, as generally happens, associated with self consciousness, we must establish the sway of the will over that part of the nervous system which controls the size of the vessels, by calling up a feeling opposed to self-consciousness. It is through the mind these nerves are influenced. Then influence them in a contrary direction by antagonizing the emotion associated with blanching. Thus, if the feeling which causes the blushing be expressible by the thought, "Here am I in a false and humiliating position," oppose, or, still better, anticipate and prevent, that thought by thinking "There are you daring to pity or feel contempt for another." Avoid going on to think who that "other" is, because the aim must be to eliminate self. Constitute yourself the champion of some one, anyone, and everybody, who may be pitied, and the ever-zealous and indignant foe of those who presume to pity. Most persons who blush with self consciousness blanch with anger, and this artificial state of mock anger will soon blanch the face enough to prevent the blush. It only requires practice in the control of the emotions and the production of particular states at will—the sort of experience acquired by actors and actresses—to secure control of these surface phenomena. Blushing and blanching are antagonistic states, and may be employed to counteract each other, control of the physical state of the blood-vessels being obtained through the emotions with which they are associated.

There is nothing in this world so important as that a man should be manly, or as that a man should grow up right minded, straightforward and sturdy, with the habit of judging what is best for himself clearly and on moral consideration; and if a man has formed that habit he can be trusted anywhere, but, if he has not, he will go wrong. He should "be fully persuaded in his own mind" that he is right in regard to whether it is safe for him to go to this place or that. If he is not so persuaded, he had better stay at home.

There is exhibited at the Elmira Loan Exhibition a very old family Bible. The date of the purchase is 1525, making the book over 354 years old. The date of publication is not given, but the date and price of purchase are entered on the fly leaf. The Bible is supposed to be the second oldest in the country.

Some ladies at Newport use for their fashion plates old engravings and portraits of long, long ago.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

PRINTERS' MISTAKES.—A Western paper recently made an allusion to "the holy of holies" as "the baby of babies," and another referred to the panic-stricken citizens of Memphis as "the prairie chicken citizens." This is almost as bad as the work of the telegraph in sending Taylor's "Heart of Leal! Can this be dying?" over the wires as "Heart of Lead! Can this be lying?" or the New Haven paper which, in publishing a sermon, made the clergyman cry, "Is there no barn in Guilford?"

ILLITERACY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—By the fourteenth century a well-educated layman could hardly read and write. He knew, perhaps, a little Latin and French. He was entirely unacquainted with literature. In many instances men of high rank did not possess this amount of education. Philip the Bold (1272) could neither read nor write; but no other French king, and no king of England, is reported to have been so ignorant. Meanwhile, all learning that did exist was in the monasteries.

ZULU GIRLS.—Zulu girls live at home and work for their fathers only. They may not marry until the king gives leave. When he assents, they may marry any man they like. But he does not assent until they have reached a certain age. They are all of them enrolled into regiments. So are the boys. Sometimes the king gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls at the same time to get married; but it does not follow that the young men all secure wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young men may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give them their girls.

EXAMINE YOUR CHIN.—A pointed or round chin indicates a congenial love. A person with such a chin will have a beau ideal, and will not be easily satisfied with real men or women. The indented chin indicates a great desire to be loved; hungers and thirsts for affection. When large in woman, she may overstep the bounds of etiquette and make love to the one that pleases her. A narrow, square chin indicates a desire to love, and is more common among women. The broad, square chin indicates ardent love, combined with great steadfastness and permanence of affection. The retreating chin is indicative of the want of attachment, and but little ardor in love. The chin, in its length and breadth, indicates self will, resolution, decision, etc. Carnivorous animals have the upper jaw projecting, while those of the graminivorous have the lower jaw projecting. In man with a projecting jaw will be found large destructiveness and love of animal food; when the lower jaw projects, then the love for vegetable food.

WHERE CLOCKS AND WATCHES ARE MADE.—This trade is considered one of the highest rank in all the branches of manufacture as being at the same time an art and an industry. The necessity of an accurate knowledge of the exact time has become so great in these days of railroads and rapid sea voyages that these instruments have become almost indispensable to every one, and consequently the trade has greatly increased of late years. Some very curious facts connected with the business are worthy of notice—for instance, the delicate movements of the minute instruments known as ladies' watches are executed by the rural population of Savoy and the French and Swiss Jura with a dexterity quite astonishing. The development of production in this branch of manufacture has been very great, and the statistics of the trade in general will not be without interest for the reader. France stands at the head of the list. She produces chronometers, watches, timepieces, clocks, annually to the value of 65 000 000 francs; then comes Switzerland, with watches, 60,000 000 francs; America, in watches and Dutch clocks, 32 000 000 francs; England, chronometers and watches, 16 000 000 francs; Australia, timepieces, 10,000 000 francs; Germany, in timepieces and a few thousand of watches, 25 000 000 francs. These figures gives a total considerably over 200 000,000 francs for the whole clock making trade of the world. The amount assumes the greater importance when the fact is remarked that, differing from nearly all other business, the raw material enters so slightly into the prime cost, the principal expenditure being almost exclusively in labor. The approximate number of articles produced is as follows: France about 1,000,000 pieces annually, Germany turns out more—some 2,000,000—but they are of a much inferior average price. The same may be said of the American manufacture, which provides commerce every year with 700,000 or 800,000 objects. As far as watches are concerned, Switzerland heads the list with an annual production of 1,500,000. France follows with 500 000; the United States produces from 300,000 to 350,000, and England some 200,000, but these are of very superior quality. The enormous total is that 2,500,000 watches and 400,000,000 timepieces are annually dispersed to the four quarters of the globe.

IN POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

BY CLARA J.

O friend, I have no gift of worth
To offer thee for all thy grace!
I can but sorrow o'er the dearth
Of Hope's deserted dwelling-place.
For once this treasury did hold
Much wealth, and where the shadows fall
Were pictures rare, and manifold
Rich gems; but I have lost them all.

Ay, lost them—for to spend in vain
Is loss most bitter; and to-day
I feel my poverty when fain
I would bring forth a fair array
Of costly gifts to answer thine,
So lavishly on me bestowed.
Alas! they are no longer mine!
To waste, their richness overflowed.

And say'st thou still that my poor heart,
Despite its poverty, is dear—
That thou wouldst ask no better part
Than being throned as monarch here?
I yield then, though I cannot give
Youth, wealth, or beauty's Summer glow,
Yet faith is mine that shall outlive
Time's chilling frosts and Wintry snow.

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

WITH a passionate cry of terror and pain I fall upon my knees. Hundreds and hundreds of people will tell each other how they saw Hyacinth Vane hung. I remember having read with wonder and amazement in the newspapers that to see a fellow creature die men and women will walk for hours, will stand for hours, shouting, singing, jesting, giving no thought to the pain of the doomed one's last moments. Oh, Heaven, under the bright blue beautiful sky, can such things be?

Then another sound freezes the blood in my veins. What can it be, this muffled hammering? Oh, I know! At night, with the help of torches, they are erecting the scaffold on which I am to die! I hear the sound plainly, and I cry with passionate terror and pain—loud bitter cries; I cannot restrain them. This brings my fate home to me. Who will save me? Who will help me? Oh, Heaven—oh, mother—I am so young, and I must die!

I fling myself upon the ground. I am half mad with fear; and the cruel sound of the hammering, the shouting of the crowd, of a vast multitude, seem to grow clearer. How they will rejoice when I stand before them to-morrow to die! For it was a cruel murder, and they all believe me guilty. I could make no defence, except that I had not done it.

My passionate woeful cries ring through the vaulted passages. Some one must have fetched the Governor, Captain Longmore, and the head matron, Mrs. Martyn. I hear the key turn in the lock; my sad longing eyes gaze out into the corridor, and then the door closes. I am shut up in the condemned cell, and the outer world has gone from me.

It is Mrs. Martyn who raises my head from the cold stone floor, and, looking into the Governor's face, says quietly—

"It is very sad for her to hear that noise; it is bad enough without that."

The Governor's face darkens.

"It is bad enough altogether," he replies; and I wonder in my own mind whether he thinks me innocent or guilty.

I may mention that this tragedy of mine took place thirty years ago, when it was the custom to hang men and women alike before the scoffing gaze of thousands.

My passion of terror has exhausted me. I feel that my face is as white and still as a dead woman. I cannot unlock my lips to speak; my eyes are closed.

"I will lay her on the bed," says the matron. "She ought to sleep until the bell tolls."

The Governor shudders, strong man though he is. I feel him tremble as he raises me in his arms.

"Hanging men is bad enough," he says; "but a woman, a fair delicate girl like this—I would as soon be hung myself as help in it!"

"Do you really think she did it?" asks the matron, in a whisper.

"The law has pronounced her guilty. Surely the judge and the jury must have had pretty good evidence, or she would not be here. I am bound, as Governor of this prison, to believe her guilty, and to see that she is punished; but, if you ask my opinion as a man with a judgment of his own in the matter, I should say that she is innocent—that a white dove is far more likely to slay an eagle than she is to murder a girl as young as herself. I believe another thing, Mrs. Martyn, and it is that, if she does not have either wine or brandy, she will be dead before to-morrow comes." The kindly matron says:

"Let her die, Captain Longmore. Only think what it would save her, if she could die here, and now!"

"I dare not," he answers slowly. "I must do my best to keep her alive. I shall order some wine."

It is brought to him; and they try to pour it down my throat. I endeavor to open my lips, but I am quite powerless.

"She is dying!" cried the matron. "What shall we do?"

They send for the prison Doctor, and he comes in haste.

"Dying? is she, poor child? he says. "I wish I dare let her die."

But he dares not. He does all he can to bring me back into the shadow land, to keep me alive, that to-morrow thousands may look on the bright sunlight and see me die.

Slowly under his skill and care my eyes open and the blood stirs in my veins. I read the very yearning of pity in the Doctor's eyes. The sound of the hammer with its mighty muffled blows is more clear and distinct. I catch his arm.

"Doctor," I cry, "send me where I ——Oh, I cannot bear to hear the horrible noise!"

He turns from me with a groan; and the Governor says:

"You cannot leave this cell. Try not to hear it, Hyacinth Vane."

* * * * *

Four hours later. The sun has long since set, the birds are surely resting, the flowers all fast asleep; the great beautiful wings of night are spread over the world, the wind is hushed, the trees are still. The noise of the hammer has ceased, and my heart, which seemed to throb painfully with each stroke, beats more regularly.

The moon must be shining, for across the narrow window falls a ray of light. Ah me, how often have I watched it lying on the roses and lilies at home! I have seen it on my lover's face, when it has given to it the beauty of a Greek god. I shall never see the sweet silver moonlight again. I can hear the surging, subdued noise of the vast crowd; I know that men and women are waiting outside—lying, standing, sitting, through the long hours of the sweet summer night, just to see me die. A hundred memories sweep over me. Again I go over the tragedy of my love—the love that has been my doom, my fate—that has brought me here to die; and I say to myself—may Heaven forgive me if I am wrong!—that my love was so dear and so sweet, it made me so unutterably happy, that I would rather have had it, even were it to be followed by the punishment of death, than have been without it and have never known it—ten thousand times rather.

I think of every hour I spent with Alan, and my heart grows warm again. Unutterable anguish, the very extreme of sorrow and woe, have followed my love; but it lives in my heart and will never die. They will kill me to-morrow, but they will never slay my love. The best part of us never dies.

I remember her—the tall dark brilliant beauty whose eyes alone would have lured any man to his ruin. There is no stain on my hands; they are white and clean. I hated her, but I would not have hurt one hair of her head. There comes to my mind, as I lie in the darkness and the silence, a horrible story.

We had a fair at Dunwold every year; and when I was about ten years old I was allowed to go to it. The thing that struck me most was not the booths, the stalls, the amusement, the people, or the fun, but a man who carried a large board on which were painted several scenes of a murder. I remember every detail of it, even the sound of his voice as he shouted out the story.

It was of a mother who had murdered her child by throwing it upon a large blazing fire. The picture that thrilled me most was a representation of the condemned cell, in which the hapless woman sat staring helpless at one corner, where the murdered child stood surrounded by a bright light. The man chanted the mother's words—"By night and by day the child stood always in a corner of my cell, looking at me with such sad eyes." There was no silent figure reproaching me; for on my soul lay no sin of murder.

The darkness increases; and the matron, who has asked to remain with me for the night, sleeps; I can hear her calm regular breathing, and it seems to me that my pain is increasing. My reckless sighs awake her, for she opens her eyes and says:

"Can you not sleep? Would you like to get up?"

I thank her, and try to lie still, so that she may rest.

* * * * *

Oh, the horror of that last night, spent, as it were, under the outstretched hand of death! I cannot tell if I slept; my very senses were steeped in fear and dread; but there came a time when the darkness seemed to enfold me, and I remember no more.

When I opened my eyes again, a pearly light lay across the window. The sun was rising; it was the last sunshine for me. In my mind I saw it all—the rose red clouds, the birds actively in quest of food, the flowers with dew on their leaves, the cool sweet earth; I saw all the beauty and color at home.

A pitying voice asked if I would take some tea. My lips were parched, my mouth burned, I longed for a cup of water even, and the cup of water was most refreshing; yet I could hardly drink it—the recollection that it was my last almost prevented me from drinking it.

Six o'clock—and at eight I had to die. A strange calmness came over me, a stupor that froze all my senses; I could not even pray. The Chaplain came in then, and the others stood apart that he might talk to me. I raised my dazed miserable eyes to his face, the kind, good face that in my distress and horror had been to me as that of an angel.

"I have but two hours," I said; and then it must have been the sight of tears in his eyes that brought mine, for I fell weeping at his knees, crying to him that I had to die—to die!

He turned his head away with a sob.

"She is only a child," I heard him say—"only a child." He recovered himself. "Let us spend the two hours in preparing for Heaven," he said; and then he told me how much it was to be desired that I should make a full and free confession of my crime, with all its details.

My crime! That had been loving my lover too well, not the murder of my rival. I could only look into his face and cry out—

"I am innocent. Do you not believe that I am innocent? If I had been guilty, I should have told you before. Do you not believe me?"

"The law has found you guilty, my poor child," he said.

"The law is unjust!" I exclaimed.

He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hush, my poor child!" he said. "Remember, you are at the threshold of another world; there should be calmness at the gates of death. If you are guilty of the crime for which you are going to die, then accept death as a just punishment of your sin; believe me, the scaffold as well as the cross has opened for some the gates of heaven. If you are innocent give your life cheerfully. You can die a martyr's death."

"Ah me," I cried out in my bitterness, "you do not realise how frightened I am to die!"

Until just before the terrible hour struck, he prayed for and with me. He told me what I should have to suffer, how great would be the ordeal of stepping out from the dark gloom of the prison walls into the bright sunlight, where thousands of faces would be turned eagerly towards mine. He told me, when deadly fear seized me, to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

As he talked I grew calmer, and the thought entered my mind—"If men pay such a man as this with gold, what will his reward be in heaven?" Calmer? I had need to be calm. There was a rush in my cell, a roar from the crowd outside, then a solemn and terrible pause; one voice said, "Poor child!" another, "Lord have mercy on us all." "Hush!" said the Governor imperatively.

Ah, I knew—I knew. The cell door opened, and a man came in with rope in his hands.

"It is time," he said, in a low harsh voice.

He took hold of my arms to pinion them. I cried out to him—

"Pray let them be free! I will be docile, silent, motionless; only let my arms be free!"—those white rounded arms that have been clasped round my lover's neck. With a passion of despair I kissed the little hands that had gathered the lilies in the garden at home. They were warm now; only a few minutes more and they would be dead.

The man turned aside for half a minute when he saw me kiss my hands; and then my arms were pinioned to my side.

The dread moment was drawing terribly near. The bell began to toll, and the warders came. Was I a coward that I cried aloud in my agony for Heaven to help me—that woeful cries and passionate words came from my lips? Was I a coward that I turned my white, dazed, miserable face to the Chaplain, telling him I was so frightened? I was almost dead with fear. I saw strong men turn away with great tearless sobs, and one woman fall fainting to the ground.

The roar and cries of the crowd were quite audible then, and the solemn tolling of the bell sounded above all. The procession was pitiful enough to make an angel weep. All the stern majesty of the law was arrayed against one poor, white, trembling child, whose hands were bound; grim stern men—the Governor, with his military bearing, the warders, with their impassive faces—were leading me to death.

We were in the corridor then, and the solemn words of the Burial Service cut my heart in two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life ——"

Hush! Hark! What was wrong? Such a cry rose from hundreds of lips! There was a surging and a rush in the vast crowd; there was a strange sound within the prison walls. The warders halted; the Chaplain's words died on his lips; and the Governor stood still.

"Stop! A reprieve!"

It was as though a whole nation shouted with a mighty voice, "Stop!" And then men came running up the corridor, one bearing on him the marks of travel. He hastened to the Governor.

"A reprieve!" he said. "I ought to have been here two hours ago, but I was delayed by an accident. I am not too late; thank Heaven," he added, "that I am not too late!"

"A reprieve!" cried one to another; and from the crowd there rose a mighty cheer that seemed to cleave the bright blue sky.

Some one unpinioned my arms. I could not realise, I could not understand what was passing. When my hands were free, I caught the outstretched arm of the Chaplain. I raised my face to his; no sound came from my parched parted lips.

"You are saved!" he said.

And then Heaven in mercy sent a dark mist, a dark cloud, that shut out everything; and so my dream of a scaffold ended.

CHAPTER XVII., AND LAST.

WHILE Hyacinth Vane suffered in prison, a long agony began for Alan Branston. He was as sure of her innocence as he was of the truth of Heaven, but he was quite powerless, he could do nothing; and the time was drawing near when the last and most terrible act of the tragedy was to take place.

He left no stone unturned; but what could he do? He went to Dene Hall and sifted all the evidence over and over again. It was of no use; nothing seemed to be of the least avail. He spent whole days in trying to obtain a farewell interview with her, but he could not obtain it.

There were times when his misery almost maddened him, when he blamed himself wildly for his folly, when he cried out that his own weakness had cut short two fair lives, when he would have given his heart's blood to have undone what he had done.

One morning, two days before the day for the execution, there came to him a note, written in a quaint trembling hand, headed from Mary Street, Leicester Square, and signed "Andrea Fieschi"—a note from a dying man, who begged of him to go without loss of time and see him on a matter of life and death.

Alan was there before three hours had passed, and, on inquiry, was told that the Italian gentleman who occupied the drawing rooms was supposed to be dying; he had met with an accident some months before, the landlady said, and had never been well afterwards.

"Go to him," cried Alan eagerly, "and tell him that the gentleman to whom he wrote—Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—is waiting to see him."

In a few minutes he stood by the bedside of the dying man—a handsome man, and evidently a patrician—who looked in his face with dim wistful eyes.

"You are Alan Branston?" he interrogated; and the answer was a quick, almost impatient, "Yes."

"You loved and wished to marry Hyacinth Vane, now in prison for the murder of Gertrude Fraser?"

"Yes," said Alan; and the dim eyes looked more keenly at him.

"You have suffered," remarked the stranger. "I see lines on your face, white threads in your hair. I see signs of anguish and woe that have known no rest and no cessation. I should not tell you my secret now, but that I know I am going to die, and the telling of it cannot hurt me, while it may save her. Send for a magistrate and what other witnesses you desire; I will tell my story once, and all may hear it."

* * * * *

Alan Branston, Mr. Barton, one of the keenest London magistrates, and Alton Chevril, one of the barristers who had done his best in defending Hyacinth, were all assembled in the dying man's room. He looked at them with calm eyes and a calm face; he hesitated one half minute, while Alan's heart beat so strongly with excitement and suspense that it seemed to him every one must hear it.

"I am perhaps quixotic in what I am doing," said Count Fieschi; "but my doctor says I shall die before forty-eight hours are over my head, and I may as well save that young girl's life if I can. I have done many bad actions, and a few good ones. I have cheated the law, and the scaffold. I may tell you that I murdered Lady Fraser—let me add also that, if ever a woman on earth justly deserved her fate, she did; that, if the time and the opportunity came again, I would repeat the deed. No weak sickly thought of repentance has urged me to confess all this. I am dying, and that young girl may live."

Mr. Barton caught Alan Branston as his tall strong figure swayed to and fro; the wonderful strength that had upheld him so long gave way now that there was a glimmer of hope. Count Fieschi smiled a slow satirical smile.

"Give him some brandy," he said. "I know what it is. I once loved a woman like that, and she deceived me. Let him listen to me; tell him time is short."

"Time is short," whispered Mr. Barton in Alan's ear; "every moment is worth gold, and we have so much to do."

The words were magical in their effect; Alan stood up again, and again the Count smiled.

"I understand it," he said. "I loved a woman just as much as that once. Who teaches women? Not Heaven, I am sure—there is no art so cruel but that they understand it, there is nothing they cannot do. The woman I loved and slew knew all that the world of coquetry and cruelty holds. She was one of those cursed with a beautiful face, who used the beauty Heaven had given her to work misery and destruction among her fellow-creatures.

"Let me tell my own tale—what she did to me. I tried her in my own mind, condemned her—took the law into my own hands, and slew her; let me tell you what she did. Three years ago I was good in heart and soul, devoted to my country. I had great hopes, fiery ambitions; I longed to imitate the great men of my native land, and devote my life to her service. *Bella Italia*—I had no other love.

"I met the siren who had wrecked my life, admired her, and for a time resisted her. I said to myself, 'No love but that of Italy.' I steeled my heart against the warm glances of her eyes against the lovely smiles of her red lips, against the touch of her white hands; and, when she saw that a few sweet smiles and looks would not move me, she set to work to ruin me.

"She did not love me—not in the least; but she had a thirst for conquests. Men's hearts were playthings to her; she loved to torture them. She saw that I had resolved to steel my heart against her, and she resolved to win me. She never gave me any rest until she had made me love her passionately!

"Do you know how we Italians love? We love with fire such as you cold Englishmen never know. She lighted the fire in my heart solely to gratify her own vain love of conquest. She made me love her; and I loved her as madly as any man ever loved a woman. I laid my heart and soul at her feet; and then she was content. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few days; then I asked her to be my wife. She laughed at me; and my hot blood boiled with rage. I said to her—

"'You have aroused the love in my heart; you must be my wife.'

"She laughed again, and the fire burned more fiercely in my blood. I swore that she should be mine. She was frightened, and tried to temporise by a few soft words and looks. The day came when she spoke of returning to England, still laughing at the notion of being my wife. We had angry words, and I swore that if she did not keep the promise she made me I would follow her to the end of the world and kill her.

"Patriotism, country, honor, fidelity, all became less than nothing to me. I bore my pain until I could bear it no longer, and then I followed her to England. I read in a provincial newspaper that she was at Dene Hall. I knew her well. If I had asked after her in the broad daylight, she would have evaded me; so I went to her window by night. I gave her a fair chance for her life. I asked her to marry me, and she refused. We talked for an hour. She was beautiful—I could not kill her; I let her go back into the house again. Then I brooded over my wrongs—brooded until I grew mad.

"'She must die!' Under the stars I swore that she should. I climbed to her window, and entered her room. She lay fast asleep, her hands wrapped in a small blue and-white shawl. Ah, Heaven, shall I ever forget the sight—the lovely face so placid and still, the red lips parted in sleep?

"I had no mercy—I stabbed her to the heart. She died instantaneously. She never moved, or stirred beyond clenching her hands; and I went as I had come—but I had had my revenge. Open that locked box; here is the key. You will find in it the dagger I used. It is an old heirloom of the Fieschi family. You will say that Heaven was quick to punish me. As I climbed the outer wall of the park, my arm caught on a great rusty nail, and my flesh was torn even to the bone. I took little notice of the wound; but my neglect has ended fatally. It is a just punishment, you will say—perhaps it is.

"Now you have little time to lose. Hasten to the Home Secretary. The girl is quite innocent—he will respite her. Do not trouble about me; I shall soon be dead."

Save that the police were directed to watch, Mr. Barton, Mr. Chevril, and Alan did just as he had advised; they went all three together, and the Home Secretary did all in his power to help them.

When the reprieve was safe in his hands, Alan had even then a hard struggle before him. There were no telegraph wires to Ulverston; he had to engage a special train—and that was delayed by an accident. He was only just in time to save Hyacinth's life.

When she awoke from her long swoon, it was to find his arms around her and his kisses warm on his face.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "the agony of the past weary night!"

He looked at her.

"Think no more of it," he said; "this is the golden dawn."

* * * * *

Count Fieschi died that night; and before another day passed his confession was spread all over England. People read it with wondering eyes. How foolish they had been, to think Hyacinth Vane was guilty!

* * * * *

Hyacinth stood by the green grave where Francis Vane slept with his wife. The girl's heart still throbbing and beating with the atonement that had been made to her. She and Alan Branston were married, and he had brought her to the spot she loved best.

"It seems to me, Alan," she said, "that the whole country has in some measure tried to atone to me—I have had any number of letters of sympathy; but nothing can give him back to me—the dear father whom that awful shock killed."

"We need not wish him back, my darling," returned Alan; "he lives in the light of the Golden Dawn."

Again she laid her fair head against the marble cross.

"It seems so strange, Alan," she said, "to begin life again; I had thought it all ended."

"It will be a life that shall be as bright as Heaven's blessing and human love can make it," he told her; "and it begins for us, my darling, in A Golden Dawn."

"Jack and the Beanstalk."

BY H. W. T.

POOH! we have read it a thousand times, you say. Granted. I know you have. Years ago you read it in books of the two for a halfpenny series, where the hero was gorgeous in scarlet and blue paint, and wore an air of stern determination, alone worth the money. But to come to our Jack:—

Aunt Deb was past all help. Dr. Day, the celebrated physician, had said so, as he pocketed his fee, and bowed himself out to hurry to other patients; for Dr. Day, though not a cleverer, was a more successful man than some of his brethren; the world liked him and there were always patients for him to see.

Deborah Osborne, spinster, had lived a somewhat lonely life, especially as regarded her relations, chiefly traveling about with her old waiting maid, Tabitha Irons, perhaps in search of happiness not to be found, perhaps—but we know little of each other's heart-restlessness. Some hinted at an early love and forced separation, and questioned Tabby as to the winding up of Aunt Deb's one romance—how far the death of a certain one had affected her, and if it were true that she had shed tears? It had been reported that a scrap of paper had been sent to her, feebly scrawled by a rapidly weakening hand. "Only you, Deb," it said; and, incomprehensible as it was to us, she understood it. To all these questions Tabby replied by a look of pitying contempt.

I have said that Miss Deb had not cared for the company of her relatives when in health, but now they would not be denied. They all came to see her comfortably out of this world. There was the Reverend J. J. Burr (he was very particular about the two J 's), with the little basket of fresh eggs, that were always at Miss Deb's disposal. Then came Mrs Standish, mother of "eight of them," all girls. She it was who had come down to see her dear cousin, and help her in anything; but in sooth, had there been the labors of Hercules to perform, there were plenty of relatives to have undertaken them—yes, and to have accomplished them. Most of them looked enviously on Jack Brandreth—indolent, good-natured, good looking Jack—for it had been Deb's last freak that this far-off nephew should accompany her in her last excursion to Paris, and it caused her relatives to tremble.

And by this time it had become evident that Deborah Osborne was sinking fast; that Death was claiming its own. They stood around, stricken with the awe that the dread conqueror never fails to impose. Deb was true to her nature, natural or assumed; for, rallying for a moment, she opened her eyes, and said in an audible sarcastic voice, "Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together." And she spoke no more.

The Reverend J. J. Burr shook his head sorrowfully, and a tiny scrap of yellow paper was laid in the coffin by Tabby, the faithful waiting-woman.

* * * * *

The last Will and Testament of Deborah Osborne, spinster, was read. One thousand pounds was left to the Reverend J. J. Burr, the same to Mrs. Standish, to Tabitha Irons and two others, and "to my dearly beloved kinsman, John Brandreth," (here all eyes were turned anxiously on the lawyer,) was given and bequeathed (no one breathed) a quaint ebony casket, clasped and mounted in silver. There was a pause as the lawyer detached a small key from his chain and handed it to Jack Brandreth, who took it mechanically and fumbled at the old lock.

It needed all the nonchalance of "Cucumber Jack," as he was called by his intimates in tribute to his coolness, to refrain from showing the surprise he felt when the opened lid displayed a bean—carefully disposed on wadding. With tolerable *sang froid*, however, he held it out for inspection amidst wondering exclamations, "It cannot be all." "I never heard of such a thing." "What can have become of her money!"

"There are some papers, Jack," said Mrs. Standish, whose sharp eyes had discovered this fact.

"They relate to the planting of the bean," replied Jack, looking at them as he spoke, and replacing them in the box for further perusal.

"Planting it! Shall you plant it?" asked some one, incredulously.

"Certainly," answered Jack, composedly. "Miss Osborne must have had reasons for desiring it; and as she has left it to me, the least I can do is to carry out her wishes."

The will, like most others, gave little satisfaction. All the relatives of the deceased found the one thousand less than they had expected, and speculated as to what had been done with her property. The lawyer was questioned, but he either could or would say nothing with regard to his late client, and all gave up the attempt in despair.

Jack looked rather doubtfully on his bequest as a valuable one.

"What would you advise me to do?" he asked the lawyer.

"Plant the bean," came briefly from his old chum.

"Confound you," said Jack, laughing, and shaking his fist at him.

"Have you read the papers?" said the other. "I thought not. Well, I should advise you to resume your chambers in Fountain Court, and enter on the old work. Read the papers with the bean, and follow any idea suggested therein. Miss Deb was the last person in the world to do anything without a motive; though, like most women, she had a spice of romance in her nature, hidden away as it was."

Jack resolved to follow this advice; and, when alone, he took bean and papers from the casket, and proceeded to examine them. His face wore a softened look, and his eyes grew dim as he read, "Do not laugh at an old woman's whim, Jack. The bean I leave you was given to me long ago by one who has been waiting for me years on the distant shore, with hopes of a meeting there which might never be on earth. 'Plant it where there shall be a hope of happiness for us,' he said. It never was planted. It brought us none of the happiness that I trust it will to you when it blossoms at last."

This was all; and Jack resolved that her wishes should be followed. With the hundred a year he possessed, he determined to resume his old quarters; and a day or two found him back, and hard at work—yes, positively hard at work, to the surprise of those who knew his love for the *dolce far niente* style of existence; working, waiting, and wondering, with a vague wonder that was faith in the words of the dead, what new life would arise from the bean's blossoms, what fair land he would survey from the beanstalk.

* * * * *

Marjorie Grahame was an orphan niece of Mrs. Standish, and well earned her right to live at The Pines. She was no persecuted heroine, for it was not the custom to ill-treat any one there; but she took the four young ones out for walks, heard their lessons, trimmed her aunt's bonnets, etc., quite earning this lady's protection and her title to "pocket-money." Altogether, it was a cheap way of getting a governess, and being kind to a relation at the same time.

So this young lady was there when Mr. Standish sent off an invitation to Jack Brandreth to pay them a visit, and two or three more days found him at The Pines.

Jack undoubtedly found all very jolly—country instead of town, The Pines in lieu of dingy chambers, and fair, fairer, fairest cousins to help time to pass away.

But there was some object in this invitation, and eagerly Mrs. Standish surveyed progress; but as yet Jack seemed to find one and all of his fair cousins equally charming.

Meanwhile, in the chambers in Fountain Court, two wee leaves made their appearance in the flower pot in which the bean was planted, and Jack met Marjorie Grahame.

He had never known he had this fair and distant cousin. A few days more convinced him that unless he returned to London there would be "the deuce and all to pay," for somebody's brown eyes would speedily find their way to his heart; and even would she ever listen to his suit, love was too great a luxury for the young barrister.

"You will not forget me? Will you care to see me again?" asked this weak minded young man, with the least touch in the world of anxiety in his voice, as he took his leave of Marjorie; and her brown eyes drooped, and her voice faltered, as she said nothing very remarkable, only he treasured the monosyllable "yes;" and then he left, and Marjorie went back to her lessons.

Mrs. Standish was somewhat annoyed that this visit should have been without the wished-for result, yet she recovered her serenity as she heard Jack's eager acceptance of a further invitation to The Pines at some future time, and wondered which it was—Marion, Edith, Fanny, or Henrietta—that had won his heart, and speculated on a possible trousseau.

Very dingy, very dusty were those rooms in Fountain Court, and dingier and dustier than ever they looked to Jack after The Pines. There was the grate with the ashes of the last fire still in it, the hole burnt in the hearthrug, and dust covering everything, even the bean; yes, the slender life seemed passing away from the drooping leaves of the bean—dying, no doubt, from the want of water. That confounded laundress! And after hunting diligently in every direction, Jack found a little water in a very dubious-looking jug, which he bestowed as liberally as possible.

Sitting in his room one morning, shortly after this, Jack was thinking of the visit to come, when a tap at the door aroused him, and in obedience to his summons the visitor entered the room.

Jack did not feel pleased at the interruption, but, recognising a friend, his face wore a more amiable expression.

"Did you expect me?" asked the intruder.

"Well, no, I cannot say I remember any appointment," answered Jack.

It was the lawyer who had charge of Miss Osborne's affair; and he said, smiling, "Yet the bean is in blossom!"

"Was there really——" began Jack.

"Allow me to congratulate you," resumed his friend, "on having carried out Miss Deb's commands, and to place in your hands the papers relative to the three thousand a year left to you on the fulfilment of the condition she imposed, and which, had you neglected, would have gone elsewhere."

Jack's face wore a somewhat incredulous expression as he took the papers, but it was neither joke nor mistake. They were much to him these blossoms of the bean, all comprised in one word—Marjorie.

Jack wrote, and speedily followed his letter to The Pines.

Need I tell the tale he told to Marjorie?—and as she listened the color came and went, and smiles and happy tears were blended together.

Mrs. Standish had looked and felt triumphant as she read Jack's letter. Her tactics would end victoriously (no doubt it was Edith). We can, then, only fancy the blow to her hopes when Jack, on his arrival, asked for "little brown Marjorie." Still, she made the best of it, and wishing them every happiness, presided generously over the trousseau; and eight pretty presents prove that her cousins bore none but a kindly feeling to the bride.

There are many descendants of the famous bean scattered about the world—perhaps one in your own garden, which will blossom in the day you least expect it; when, climbing at once to the wished-for height, you will smilingly survey the world (looking, oh, so bright!) from the Beanstalk.

More than a million advertisements of different kinds are now said to cover the walls in Paris specially devoted to the purpose. There are three descriptions of advertisements, posters, paintings on the walls themselves or on framed canvass, and those on transparent glass, and no less than 1140 walls, kiosks, and other places are set apart by the authorities for the reception of placards, etc. Portions of walls are let for very high amounts in much frequented quarters. The kiosks, etc., are annually leased out by the city and return $7,000. The town, however, does not let them out to individuals, but to companies, which parcel them out by the metre and centimetre.

The laziest man in the United States is a ship carpenter in Belfast, Me., who has determined to spend the rest of his days in a comfortable chair. When wages were reduced he declined to work any longer, and seated himself in a rocking chair near his sitting-room window. There he remains all day long, only rising to go to his meals or to bed. His chair rockers have worn grooves in the floor; and on the window-sill, where he drums idly as he rocks to and fro, are the imprints of his fingers. He has a wife, and the couple are supposed to have some income on which they live.

It is stated from Madrid that King Alfonso and the Archduchess Maria of Austria will have an interview the coming month, and that their marriage will be solemnized at the end of October. Senor Manuel Silvela, Minister of the Interior, will be appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to accompany the Archduchess from Vienna to Madrid. It is stated from Lagranja, that the marriage of King Alfonso with the Austrian Archduchess will be solemnized on November 28, the King's birthday.

Miss Charlotte Bruce, a comely Scotch lassie, living near Lexington, Ind., in Jefferson county, cut 100 acres of wheat with a reaper, keeping five binders, and a part of the time six, "humping themselves," as she expressed it. She had six horses ready harnessed, and when one pair got tired she took another. Fourteen hundred bushels of wheat from 114 acres is the yield on Charlotte's farm.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

BY M. P.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky;
Sunshine flings benisons down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measure out wearily,
Sad old bells, from the steeple gray,
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall,
Dripping over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loyal old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud in the bloom,
Ringing the dead from their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have both passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labor, and death is our rest,
If happy the living the dead are the blest.

A Hurried Dinner.

BY S. U. W.

"OH! see here, Lizzie, I shan't be home to dinner to day. There's a lot to do at the office, and I'll not go home."

This speech came from my liege lord, Charlie, as he popped his head in at the front door, after he had started to his business.

"All right," said I.

The head popped out again, and I added to myself:

"Mighty glad of it; I won't have any dinner to get, and I will have a good day to work upstairs."

So I cleared away the breakfast, tidied up the rooms, and after that took myself upstairs.

We had not been keeping house very long, and I made it a rule not to let things become soiled by using, but to keep them clean and fresh.

But upstairs there were certain trunks and boxes which needed renovating; some of the summer clothing was to be packed away, and the winter wear got out and made ready for use.

I tied a handkerchief over my head to keep out the dust, pulled trunks and boxes out of the closet, and set to work in good earnest.

I was in the very midst of it, when I heard footsteps at the front door, and directly it opened.

It was Charley, I knew, for he had a latch key, and was accustomed to let himself in. I jumped to my feet.

"Charley, and not a sign of dinner!" I exclaimed. "He said he wouldn't come. What can have brought him?"

The sound of voices, as I stood listening assured me that Charley had brought company, and I in such a plight.

Charley came running upstairs, with his face all aglow.

"Why, little woman, what's all this? I couldn't find you anywhere downstairs. Isn't it dinner-time?"

"Yes, Charley, but you said you were not coming home, and I didn't want anything for myself."

"Well, I—I wasn't; but who do you think I met?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It was Liston and his wife. They were on their way to a hotel, but of course I wouldn't allow that. I just brought them home with me to dinner."

I have no doubt but that there was a spice of irony in the tone in which I answered, calmly:

"Yes, I see you did. Well, I hope you also remembered to stop at the butcher's and send in something for them to eat."

"Well, I declare, little woman, I forgot the butcher. But I daresay you can scare up something. Only hurry, for they've only an hour or so to spare. They're off again this evening."

I knew it was of no use to say to a man: "Why didn't you send me word?"

It wouldn't teach him to send it next time.

"Well, go down and entertain them, and I'll come as soon as I can change my dress," I remarked.

Charley obeyed, and I hurriedly dressed, not in the pleasantest mood.

They were old friends of Charley's, and I had looked forward to meeting them with pleasure, but I knew Mrs. Liston was quoted as the very pattern of all housekeepers, never flurried or put out by anything.

I knew, too, that she had means and servants at her command, while I had neither, and dreaded to receive her in such a manner, more than I can tell, but as many a suffering sister will readily comprehend.

What with my hasty dressing, I knew my cheeks were flushed, and my hair tumbled. But it was too late to wait, so I ran down and stood fire during the introductions as well as I could, quite conscious that instead of appearing my best I was appearing my worst, as even Charley could see.

As soon as possible I excused myself, saying, by way of apology, that I was not expecting Charley, and must prepare dinner in haste.

"Pray, don't put yourself in any trouble," said Mrs. Liston.

"It is no trouble at all," I replied, feeling as I went to the kitchen, that that small speech was at least a fib, for I was almost at my wit's end to know what to do.

A happy thought struck me!

Oysters!

A regular dinner was not to be thought of, but most people were very fond of oysters. I knew Charley was, and I could prepare them well.

They were to be had opposite, and I was not long in getting them either.

I bethought myself of half a cake which I luckily had. That nicely sliced in my silver cake basket, would answer for dessert, with some apples, which I bought with the oysters.

Really, I should not do so badly for an impromptu occasion.

My spirits rose as I set the table, adorning it with a bouquet of flowers, and with what glass and silver I possessed, so that it looked very neat and pretty.

That, at least, Mrs. Liston could not find any fault with, even if she was disposed to do so.

Charley had said hurry, and hurry I did. As speedily as possible I had everything ready.

Tired, flushed, nervous, and doing my best not to look cross, I went to the parlor, where they were chatting gaily, and announced dinner.

Then that awkward Charley must put his foot in it, man-fashion, by saying:

"My little wife is a famous cook. I hope you have a good appetite."

"Indeed I have. Traveling always makes me hungry," rejoined Mr. Liston, rising.

I made some laughing reply, and led the way to my little dinner.

"Ah, oysters!—my favorites," said Mr. Liston.

I was glad to hear that, but my heart sank when Mrs. Liston declined to take any, saying that she never ate them.

"I am so sorry," I said, flushing; "but I will poach you a couple of eggs."

"By no means," she said, pleasantly. "I shall do very well with one of these rolls and a cup of coffee."

And when I insisted, she was obliged to say that she never ate eggs.

I was at a loss what to propose then, so I ceased to press the matter. Meanwhile I had poured the coffee.

I handed the cups, but I knew by the aroma which reached my nostrils that, though tolerable, it was not near as good as usual, for in my haste I had made it too weak.

I was especially mortified at this, as I prided myself on my good coffee.

"I won't apologize," I thought, proudly.

But my pride fell the next instant, when Charley, having tasted his, made a queer face, looked at me, then tasted again.

"Why, Lizzie, what ails your coffee?" he asked.

Tears of mortification rushed to my eyes, but Mr. Liston said kindly:

"Tut, tut, there are worse things than weak coffee in this world."

Of course, as I had no servants, I was obliged to remove the plates and bring on the dessert myself.

That, at least, was nice; but when I went into the pantry, I barely suppressed a scream of horror.

Mrs. Dean's big grey cat had jumped into the window, and was contentedly munching my cake.

With frantic haste I dashed her off, and rescued what was left.

Only six thin slices. They looked so forlorn in the large basket, that I would not put them on that way.

I consigned them to a small glass dish, and, without a word of apology, put them upon the table; for my blood was up now, and I vowed I would apologize no more.

The apples were nice, and we finished on them as well as we could.

For my sake Charley tried to appear very gay, but I saw he was deeply mortified, and I did not pity him half so much as I might.

I think I was quite excusable when I said to him, after that dreadful dinner was over and our guests gone:

"Charley, if you ever bring company again without letting me know first, I'll never forgive you. And I'll order dinner from the nearest restaurant and let you pay for it."

But that stupid Charley can't see why it should worry me.

The Doctor's Love.

BY E. J.

WHAT I am now I need not tell; but many years ago I was assistant to Dr. Bower, of Broadhurst, in one of the southern counties.

Dr. Bower was not a young man. I had been his assistant for more than three years, and I had a well founded hope that in a few years more I should become his successor.

I lived with the Bowers. The family was a small one, consisting of the doctor himself; his wife, by many years his junior; and their only child, Lucy. A dear, bright, sweet-tempered child she was, though terribly spoiled by her father. At the time I am writing of, Lucy was about thirteen. I was walking in the garden one morning, when Lucy came rushing up to me, breathless with excitement. "Mr. Williams, I've got *such* news to tell you! I am going to school at midsummer! And do you know—mamma says I am to have a governess till then, because I am so stupid about my music and French and things."

Lucy rattled on for some time longer; but I don't think I heard much of what she said. I was wondering, too, what the governess would be like. Her arrival would be quite an event in our quiet life.

About a week after this, Lucy informed me that Miss Stuart, who had been engaged as governess, was coming the next day. I at once, strangely enough, settled in my own mind that I would not be at hand at the time of her arrival. I pictured to myself a tall red haired woman, with a loud voice and vulgar manner. The next day, therefore, I did not return from my rounds until I knew dinner must be over, and Miss Stuart, if she had arrived, safe in the drawing-room.

I was hardly seated at my solitary meal in the dining-room, when Lucy came scampering in. "She's come, Mr. Williams; and she is *so* nice! I know I shall love her awfully. She is not so tall as mamma, and——"

"Has she red hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Such pretty hair. I was just coming to that. It is quite fair, and curled. I wonder," added Lucy, in a meditative tone of voice, "if it curls of itself, or whether she has to put it in curl-papers, as I have?" This grave question seemed to occupy Lucy's thoughts for some time, for she did not speak again until I finished dinner.

"I thing I will go up stairs and see this paragon of yours, Lucy," I said as I left the table.

Lucy and I ran up stairs; but I was only in time to catch a glimpse of a shining sheaf of golden curls, and the long folds of a black dress, as Miss Stuart quitted the room by one door, and I entered it by another.

The next afternoon I accidentally met her in the drawing-room. We were alone, and thereupon followed a rather awkward silence, which was fortunately broken by the entrance of Dr. Bower and the announcement of dinner.

"Ah, Williams! got home in time to-day; that's right. Give Miss Stuart your arm. I can't desert my first love, you know." And the chatty old doctor tucked his wife's arm under his own, and trotted down stairs, leaving me to follow with Miss Stuart.

"Do you think you shall like Broadhurst?" I asked on the way down stairs.

"It is a very pretty place," she answered; "prettier than I expected to find away from home."

"Then you have not been here before?"

"Oh, no; hardly ever from home till now."

Her manner was frank, and her voice soft and pleasant. She was not strikingly handsome, though, when her features were at rest, there was a look on her face strange in one so young, a look that seemed to tell that she had braved danger and sorrow, that she had overcome the one and patiently endured the other.

That evening Miss Stuart played and sung. Her playing was good, nothing more; but her singing was divine. Before her arrival at Broadhurst, the evenings at Dr. Bower's had often seemed long and tedious enough. All was now changed, however; there were no more sleepy evenings for us.

Under my care were generally placed all those patients who required night attendance. This being the case, I frequently missed part of those happy evenings. Sometimes, when I came in late, I would find the doctor and his wife deep in cribbage, with Miss Stuart working beside them. Then I would sit down and watch her nimble fingers. How fast they moved! When she had finished the task she seemed to have set herself, she would fold up her work gaily and challenge me to a singing match. She had taken great pains to teach me several duets, and it was my great pleasure to look forward to singing them with her. What dangerous work it is that singing off the same music, with a golden head almost touching yours! I thought I was strong, but I was very weak. Agnes Stuart had unwittingly bound me fast in golden fetters, and I lay a helpless captive at her feet. She had not been long at Broadhurst when I loved her madly, wildly, but almost hopelessly. Hopelessly; for I saw that as each day made me love her better, so it made me quieter and more embarrassed in her presence. There was no corresponding change in her manner towards me.

One afternoon, Mrs. Bower, the doctor and Lucy went to pay a visit at some distance; they would not be home till late. I wondered if I should see Agnes. I always called her Agnes in my own mind now. I knew she had not gone with the Bowers; but I asked the man who waited upon me at dinner if she had.

"No, sir. Miss Stuart has had her dinner fetched into the schoolroom, and is now, I believe, in the drawing-room."

I resolved to go to her, and speak the feelings of my heart. One moment I warmed with hope; the next I grew cold, and shivered with doubt and fear. Anything, even her scorn, however, would be better than this. Then something within me seemed to say: "She *does* return your love. Ask her; try her."

I went down to the drawing-room. There, seated on a low chair by the window, sat Agnes. Her hat was lying in her lap, and she was unconsciously stroking the soft white wing which was fastened in it, looking all the while far off into the distance at the fierce red sky. She did not look up at my entrance, or seem to notice me till I came and stood quite close to her. Some sudden impulse moved me, and I put out my hand and touched the glossy wing; stroked it slowly, gently, as she had done. Then she looked up at me with a little smile, then a little sigh.

"Do you like my feather?" she said. "I had it sent me from far away, so I love it."

"Your brother"——I began.

"No; not my brother," she said; and it was not the reflection of the red clouds that made her cheeks light up into that warm glow; it was not the cold wind without that made her voice so tremulous as she spoke. She went on as if it were a task she had set herself. "Not my brother; but I thought until quite lately that you knew; and now I think—I may be wrong, but I think I ought to tell you. I have been engaged these four years, and hope to be married in the summer."

I was about to stammer out some words of congratulation; but she spared me.

"Now, I will tell you about it," she said in a low, hurried voice. "Sit down here by me. Four years ago, when I was only eighteen, I promised my cousin Walter to be his wife. He had a good appointment at Madras, and I was to go out with him. Our marriage day was fixed; when my dear mother fell ill of fever. I could not leave her. Walter could not stay; so he went, and I was to follow when my mother should be well. But she died. And next my twin-sister was taken. Then my eldest sister grew ill. She recovered from the fever, but not from its effects, and I nursed her until last June. I had written to Walter not to wait for me; but he would not let me give him up. So Jeanie—my only sister now—is to take care of my father; and Walter is on his way home. I thought if I came here it would be like beginning to leave home. I wanted to let Jeanie have a trial before I was quite away. And I wanted to make a little money too; for I could not go to Walter quite empty-handed, you know; and we are very poor at home. I had no letter for a while; but one yesterday tells me he is near home. I told Mrs. Bower part of this when I came. You have all been very kind to me. I have been very happy here."

"Will you let me be your friend?" she said, after a moment's pause, and turning her eyes for the first time towards me. She had kept them fixed on the ground while she told me her story in short, quick sentences, and in a very low voice. "I should like always to be friends with you," she said simply, holding out her hand to me. "I am sure Walter will like you when he knows how kind you have been to me. Do you know, you are so like him! When I first saw you, it almost frightened me. But now I know you so well, I don't see it so much."

I had taken her hand in both mine. I could not speak; but I bent my head and kissed it, and I did not feel ashamed of the tear I left upon it.

"That must be the carriage" she said gaily, as she gently drew her hand from mine and walked out upon the drive. I watched her in the twilight from the window of that darkened room. No need to follow her now. It was a trial, but I managed to bear it. She had told me her secret; she knew mine. Agnes Stuart is my friend; and so is Walter, her husband.

I never succeeded to Dr. Bower's practice; but I did succeed to something better, in after-years, through Mr. Stuart's influence. I have no children of my own, for I never married, nor will now. But I have a godson, and his name is the same as mine. I am rich, and, my wealth will one day be Agnes Stuart's. All that I had I wished to be hers long ago; and it will be hers some day, together with a life's respect and a heart's loyal devotion.

The Queen has sent to John B. Buckstone, the actor and late manager of the Haymarket Theatre, £50. Lord Beaconsfield has recommended that a grant of $500 be made Mr. Buckstone from royal bounty.

HARVEST HOME.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

Now join the merry chorus of those who march along
To shouts of honest gladness, and bursts of joyous song,
And swell the psalm of singers whose voices reach the dome,
Whence looketh down the giver of every harvest home.
Then let us spread the chorus, repeat the welcome strain—
Thanksgivings loud for harvest that brings the golden grain.

Loud sing the peasant voices outside the open door,
Soon mirth is monarch, thronging the whitened threshing-floor:
While dames of hall and homestead, and knights of field and flail,
Pass round the loving greeting, "To every guest all hail!"
The fiddles groan their warning with "Sir Roger's" air—then come
The far diffusing pleasures of a happy harvest home.

Ring out your peals of laughter, O youths and maidens free,
The season brings in plenty, and echoes back your glee;
Go, garner up your treasures, and guard the priceless store
Of love and manhood's honor as a harvest evermore.
Perchance in many spots to-night, when festival is done,
The harvest moon may beam upon two hearts whose hope is one.

All decked with ruddy garlands, a band of children there
Sends forth a sweet old anthem upon the evening air;
Then rise a thousand voices, an universal cheer—
How plenteous is His mercy who has crowned the golden year!
Rend, rend the sky with praises, and cleave the azure dome,
Ye happy hearts and voices that fill the harvest home!

The Stolen Child.

BY S. S. L.

"GO away instantly, I say! Leave the place at once! We don't allow trampe here!"

The speaker was a kind, good-natured farmer's wife.

She stood before the door of her little white cottage, and with a gesture of impatience, ordered the old organ-grinder and the little tambourine-girl to leave her door.

They turned to obey, when little Harry Thorne spoke up.

"Oh, mother, see the little girl! How thin and pale she looks! And, mother, she looks like Lillie!"

Mrs. Thorne turned quickly. How strange that she had not noticed it before. The little girl did surely look like her dead daughter. With tears in her eyes she drew the child towards her.

"What is your name, my child?" she asked.

"Bianca Correni, madam."

"Is she your child?" Mrs. Thorne next inquired of the organ-grinder, who evidently was in the last stage of consumption.

"No," he said, feebly. "She's just a nobody, without kith or kin, that I found in the city.

The old man had hardly finished this sentence when he fell to the ground.

Farmer Thorne arrived on the scene, lifted him up, but it was found that life was extinct.

Wild was Bianca's grief on being told that Guido was dead. He had been her only friend and protector from earliest remembrance.

The old man was buried by the town authorities, and then the question arose as to what was to be done with the poor child.

"She must be sent to the poor-house," they said.

"Must she go to the poor-house mother?" asked Harry.

"I am afraid so, my boy."

"Oh, mother, don't send her there! Keep her in Lillie's place!"

Farmer Thorne entered at this moment, and Harry turned to him. The farmer's large heart had already gone out to the little stranger, and he decided at once to adopt her; and thus "in Lillie's place" she was installed in the Thorne family.

Years passed quietly away, and Bianca grew into a winsome maiden. Admirers she had many; but none were more devoted than her adopted brother.

One winter a fancy fair was given in the village, and Bianca had in charge the flower-table. A regular customer each night was a tall, dark gentleman, about forty years of age, who watched her with an intense gaze.

The last night of the affair was to be the gala night, and a play was to be performed. Now it happened that the leading character of the play was an Italian dancing girl, and the part was given to Bianca.

The dark stranger was there as usual. He watched the play with undisguised disgust until Bianca entered with her tambourine in her hand. He started forward in great surprise. She sang a wild, plaintive melody, and began a fantastic dance.

At this the stranger leaped to his feet with a low cry. All eyes were immediately turned in his direction, and he fell back in his seat as white as marble.

Early the next morning, the Thornes were surprised by a visit from the stranger. His words were abrupt and to the point.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir, and madam. I am an Italian composer, traveling for my health. At the fair last night I saw your daughter perform a wonderful song and dance; will you tell me where she learned it?"

The farmer stared at his wife; but neither spoke for a moment.

"Well, really, sir," he at length replied, "I can hardly tell you that. Bianca danced that way, and sang that song, when she first came to us, which is nigh on to nine years ago."

"Then she is not your daughter?" cried the stranger, in great excitement.

"Oh, no! She is an adopted child; although we love her as though she had been born to us."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me all you know concerning her!"

Thus entreated, the farmer related the story. When he had finished, the man grasped his hand, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Mr. Thorne," he said, "the girl is my daughter. I can prove it!" he continued, noticing the look of incredulity on the faces of his hearers, "Fifteen years ago my little daughter was stolen from me. The name, too is the same—Bianca Correni. My daughter is found at last!"

Great was the excitement in the village when it was known that Farmer Thorne's adopted daughter had found her father, and that he was a gentleman of wealth and distinction.

It was a severe blow to the Thornes, however, for they really loved the girl as if she were their own. Harry suffered the most; he knew that in losing Bianca he lost all he had to live for.

The day of parting came.

Signor Correni and his daughter were to sail for sunny Italy, perhaps never to return.

Harry stood with his mother and father, taking leave of the travelers. The poor boy's eyes were filled with tears as Bianca took his hand to bid him farewell.

"Don't look so gloomy, Harry, dear!" she sobbed. "I shall surely come back some time—indeed I will—so don't weep, dear brother!"

The manly fellow brushed away his tears, and tried to smile. Then slipping a slender ring on her finger, he said, "Keep it, dear, until you find another that loves you more than I do, then throw it away!"

Four years passed, and brought continued misfortune to the Thornes. First, their house was burned to the ground; the farmer lost his health, and finally died. It was found, on settling up his estate, that scarcely anything was left for the widow; and they finally went to the city, where they took apartments, and Harry found a clerkship on a small salary.

For a while letters came regularly from Bianca; they spoke in glowing terms of her beautiful home, and of her father's great love for her. Then after a time the letters came less frequently, till now it was nearly a year since they had heard anything from her.

* * * * *

"Just the fellow I want to see!" cried Fred Crosby; "I have a couple of tickets for the opera; you must come with me. Everybody is raving about her. Surely you would not miss a chance to see Bianca Correni?"

"Bianca Correni?" cried Harry, in amazement.

"Yes, the new prima donna, you know. And here we are now. Come on—you shall see her!"

Without a word more, Harry suffered himself to be led into the opera-house. As one in a dream he took his seat. Bianca a prima donna! What could it mean?

He had not long to wait. The curtain rose, and revealed to his startled gaze Bianca—his Bianca—on the stage, and fairly ablaze with jewels. The house shook with the thunder of applause which greeted her. Harry devoured her every feature. But his heart gave a great throb as he noticed on one slender finger a plain circlet of gold; it was the ring he had given her when they parted; he knew it at once.

At that moment Harry fancied he caught the singer's eye. For a moment he saw her start and gasp convulsively, but only for a moment; then she went on with her delightful music.

He was right; she had seen and recognised him.

Just before the curtain fell on the last act Harry felt a light touch on his shoulder. Turning quickly he saw a boy, who passed him a card, on which was written, in a delicate hand, which he recognized at once:

"Will Mr. Thorne please follow this little boy for the sake of an interview with Bianca?"

Fred Crosby must have thought his friend insane, for he seized his hat, and started after the boy, without a word of explanation or excuse.

Arriving behind the scenes, he was ushered into a pretty room, and found himself face to face with Bianca.

"Harry, my dear brother!" she cried, rushing towards him joyously. "Have you forgotten your little sister?"

"Forgotten you Bianca? I think it is you who have forgotten me. It is a year since we have received a line from you!" replied Harry, reproachfully.

"A year! Why, Harry, I wrote repeatedly, until we left Italy, and since arriving in England papa has visited the old village home, but could learn nothing of you. Oh, Harry, why did you hide yourself from me? But do tell me of my darling mother; is she well? Does she ever think of me?" she rattled on, not waiting for a reply. "Will she be glad to see me?"

Poor Harry's face flushed.

"We occupy small and humble quarters now, Bianca — mademoiselle," he stammered. "If you could put up with us, —I that is, she——"

Bianca's merry voice interrupted the confused speech.

"I'm well used to a humble life, Harry. I have not forgotten the life your good parents rescued me from. I am Bianca Thorne, and a tambourine girl still."

The two weeks that Bianca remained in London she was a constant visitor at the Thornes' house, and the day before she was to leave for Italy again, placed in Mrs. Thorne's hands a deed of their lost farm. She would hear no objection nor receive any thanks.

"It is only a slight recompense for your great kindness, mother dear," she said. "I shudder now when I think of what might have happened to me had it not been for you. You will be glad to have the dear old home again, and when Harry marries it will be a pretty place for his wife," she murmured, in a scarcely audible voice.

"My child, Harry will never marry now," was the reply.

"Never marry, mother! Why not?"

"Because he loves a lady so far above him in life that he has not the courage to ask her hand in marriage."

Bianca made no reply, though she knew by the dear mother's tell-tale who the lady was.

That night Harry attended their guest back to her hotel.

"Why don't you get married, Harry?" she asked him bluntly.

The poor fellow flushed and then paled.

"Your mother told me you loved a lady above you in the social scale," she continued, not noticing his embarrassment. "Why don't you tell her of you love? 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' you know."

Still no reply.

"Harry," she whispered, slipping her hand in his, "I wear your ring still! Do you remember what you said when you put it on my finger? Oh, you stupid boy!"

And she turned to hide her face.

But he caught her in his arms, and the sweet, blushing face found a hiding-place on his broad shoulder.

"Bianca, my darling, precious one, is it true? Can you love me? Oh, say those sweet words once more!"

She was sobbing now.

"Yes Harry, it is true."

"Heaven bless you!" he murmured, pressing her more close to his heart, and kissing her passionately.

And here let us leave them in the fulness of their love.

HINTS TO THOSE CALLING UPON THE SICK.—Only call at the door, unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm. Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly. Carry a cheerful face and speak cheerful words. In order to cheer you need tell no lies. If your friend is very sick, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful. Don't ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and the dying. If possible carry something with you to please the eye, and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or even a picture, which you can loan for a few days. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed. The perfume of some flowers is poisonous, and they should not be carried into the sick room. Especially is this true of the tuberose, orange, lilac, syringia and lilies. Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

ORIGIN OF BLACK CLOTHES FOR THE CLERGY.—In the year 1524 Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He choose black clothes, and consequently this color became the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this cloth was that the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth, being at that time the court fashion; and because Luther preferred it, so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

Scientific and Useful.

WATER CONTAINING LEAD.—To test water to ascertain if there is lead in it, evaporate a sample of the water nearly to dryness, and mix the remainder with a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen water (hydro sulphuric acid). The formation of a precipitate, or of a dark precipitate or cloud indicates lead.

POSTAL CARD INK.—An excellent invisible ink for postal cards can be made by diluting sulphuric acid with fifty times its volume of water. A slightly acid fluid is the result, which does not injure a quill pen. The message is developed by holding the card over any convenient flame—that of gas or spirits, for example, or by laying it on a hot plate.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—A German scientist, after years of study and experiment, has succeeded in obtaining a chemical composition by means of which a mirror image may be fixed and sold as a photograph. With this composition the mirror surface is painted, and the back part of the mirror receives also a coating of oil. The mirror thus prepared is held before the person who is to be photographed. The oil coating evaporates, and the likeness of the person remains in natural colors on the light surface. The image, so fixed, is brought in to a bath, and is exposed half an hour to the sunlight before delivery.

INJURIES FROM RUSTY NAILS, ETC.—Every little while we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot, knee, hand, or some other portion of his body, and that lockjaw resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. Yet all such wounds can be healed without the fatal consequences which follow them. The remedy is simple, almost always on hand, and can be applied by any one, and, what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any bruise or wound that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound; repeated two or three times, it will allay the worst cases of inflammation arising from a wound.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—1,050 laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails put them on. Eight bushels of good lime, fifteen bushels sand, and one bushel hair makes enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards. A cord of stone, three bushels lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall. One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of nails fasten them on. One-fifth more flooring and siding is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor. Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long; eight bricks in a course make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

RULES FOR ACTION.—These short rules for action in case of accident are good: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, and dash water in them. Remove cinder, etc., with the point of a pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery be cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water, if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath and stoop low. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or, better, cut the wound out without delay. Hold the wound as long as can be borne, to a hot coal, or the end of a cigar. In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat or by hot water or mustard. In case of opium poison give strong coffee, and keep moving. If in the water float on the back, with the mouth and nose projecting. For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the body flat.

Farm and Garden.

TO DRIVE RATS AWAY.—To drive and keep rats from corn cribs and granaries, place some gas-tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once. The tar can be obtained from any place where gas is manufactured.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—In order to keep their butter over the period of low prices and hot weather, California dairymen seal up their products in tin cans, sinking them to the bottom of cold streams. Butter made in April comes out in October in good order, and continues to keep fresh in the cool weather of the winter. Forty-four-pound cans are commonly used.

COLIC IN STOCK.—A correspondent gives the following cure for colic in horses and cattle, which is convenient at all times and easily applied. He says he has never known it to fail: Spread a teacupful or more of fine salt on the back of the animal over the kidneys and loins, and keep it saturated with warm water for twenty or thirty minutes, or longer if necessary. If the attack is severe drench with hot water.

MOLES.—It is stated by those who have experimented with it, that the placing of a lump of corn-meal dough about the size of a marble, mixed with a small quantity of arsenic, in the runs of moles and covering it up, and repeating the same after the moles have made a fresh run, will speedily exterminate them. By flattening the ground where the lumps are placed, it can readily be seen whether the mole has passed it by the raising of the soil.

PRESERVING GRAPES.—It is said that the Chinese have a method of preserving grapes during the entire year by cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then completely cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside, and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place, and the grapes will be found to retain their freshness for a very long time.

RURAL ITEMS.—Garbage should never be allowed to accumulate. All that is not fed to fowls or animals on the place should be kept in a closely-covered receptacle, and carried away frequently. For chicken cholera there is nothing better than carbolic acid, one drachm with two gallons of water. Let the fowls have free access to it as a drink, and mix it with their food once a day. Good feed, whether it be good grass in summer, or good hay and grain in winter, with pure water always within reach, will invariably give good returns, whether the outcome expected be meat, milk, butter or cheese.

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No. 7.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that next week we will commence the publication of another new serial of remarkable interest and power, entitled

VERA;

OR,

A GUILTLESS CRIME.

It is the first of its gifted author's productions that we have had the satisfaction of presenting to our readers, but the work will be found to fully equal the best continued stories that have ever appeared in the columns of the POST.

The leading characters are drawn from English high life, and the social peculiarities, feelings and intrigues of the aristocracy are treated with singular power, while one of the heroines, pretty Maggie Tredegar, a farmer's daughter, must be classed among the most striking creations in the realm of fiction.

The story as a whole is worthy of a place among the finest productions of the novelist's art, and the readers of the POST, in its perusal, have in prospect one of the pleasantest literary treats of the year.

SELF-CONTROL.

ENVY, hatred, and uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature as they do upon his moral character, for whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the heart and the brain are alike susceptible to the influence, as the heart empties itself into the brain, and both are stricken with disease. To say that sorrow grieves the heart, is more than a metaphor, for it—like entering the soul and playing on the heartstrings—disturbs that harmony which binds the mind and the body together with health and strength. Although wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart," the gladness is short lived, and the latest discoveries of science tell us that the drunkard is even physically, as well as morally, a heart broken man. That "fretful star which wears out life so soon," generally rises from a false ambition that strives to gain impossibilities which, blinded by self ignorance, we fail to perceive as such, while we leave untouched and withering by neglect, the things which lie around us, and which might prove the stepping stone to something higher. It may be well to "scorn delights and live laborious days," but energy is too much developed when it throws life away for the sake of getting on and reaching for fruits which grow far beyond our grasp; and while we should shun the pains and penalties of an idle life, the fire of life is burnt out only too soon when ambition keeps it at that high pressure of straining after ideals which can never be realized, and which recede from us as we approach them, like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is no stronger temptation to a boy than to crack the kernel after he has eaten the peach, and it is important that the boys should understand the poisonous nature of kernels. A timely case comes from Paris to serve as a warning. It appears that a five year-old little one ate kernels from peach stones in the latter part of July, under the impression that the peach was a nut. When found he was nearly dead from the effects of prussic acid contained in the kernels, and aid arrived too late to save him.

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IN the memoirs of Mme. Le Brun a story is told which shows that a pie of live birds is not necessarily "fit to set before a king." One of her acquaintances gave a supper to sixty persons, and had an enormous pie made, in which about a hundred little live birds were imprisoned. On a sign from the hostess, the pie was opened, and there burst forth all these terrified creatures, who flew into the faces of the ladies present, much to their dismay. They could not get rid of the birds, and at last were forced to leave the table, grumbling at so foolish a joke.

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THE report of Mr. Forrest, British Consul at Tientsin, that the deaths from starvation in China during the recent famine reached a total of 9 500 000, is confirmed by Mr. Hillier, also of the consular service, who, within six months, has visited the desolated provinces. Whole districts, once densely populated, are now almost uninhabited. The efforts of the Government to send aid were frustrated by the bad roads, and the fact that the people en route seized the pack horses and mules to devour them. No fiction can surpass in horror the scenes described by Mr. Forrest.

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WOMEN do the work of longshoremen on the wharves of St. Johns, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies and elsewhere, to take aboard their cargoes of salt cod, herring, &c., files of females with tucked up gowns, bared arms and coarse brogans, may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrows of fish to and fro. Each barrow has four handles and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. Women also go on the "summer voyage" to Labrador, and act severally in the capacity of "splitters," "salters" and "headers."

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M. LACERDO has given much attention to the character and poison of the rattlesnake. The poison seems to be of the nature of a ferment. The red corpuscles of the blood of animals bitten by a snake begin to display small brilliant points on the surface, which increase rapidly in number, and then the globules unite with each other, forming a paste which cannot circulate through the veins. Affected blood, if introduced into the circulation of other animals, will produce the same symptoms and fatal termination as the original virus. The author believes that the best antidote for snake poisoning is alcohol, which may be given to the patient to drink, or may be administered subcutaneously.

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THE well-known fragrant, sweet-scented, or lemon verbena, is regarded among the Spanish people as a fine stomachic and cordial. It is either used in the form of a cold decoction, sweetened, or five or six leaves are put into a tea cup, and hot tea poured upon them. The author of a recent work, "Among the Spanish People," says that the flavor of the tea thus prepared "is simply delicious, and no one who has drank his Pekoe with it will ever again do so without a sprig of lemon verbena." And he further makes a statement, more important than all the rest, if true; that is, that if the decoction be used one need "never suffer from flatulence, never be made nervous or old maidish, never have cholera, diarrhœa, or loss of appetite."

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A RECENT writer on the curiosities of diet accords to the locust the first place, in the purely insect world, as a contributor to human ailment. From the remotest antiquity the locust has been used for food—witness the sculptures of Assyria—and at the present day they are devoured in enormous quantities by many different races. Yet there is a wide divergence of opinion regarding the value of the locust as food. Some travelers describe locusts as a desperate makeshift; others as passable; others again as resembling shrimps in delicacy and flavor. They compete with meat in the market of Bagdad; they are called "terad" in Yemen, and "anne" in Duncalf, and they are frequently used as food by the wandering tribes of Asia and Africa, who, after broiling them, separate the head from the body, and eat them. In some parts of Africa they are ground and made into bread. In Senegal they are eaten by the highest classes. They are the main support of the bushmen of South Africa.

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ROMAN and Greek ladies were well acquainted with the means to enhance their charms artificially, and with all the mysteries of "making up." The lively Gaul then, as now, supplied strong soap for bleaching the hair to the fashionable Teutonic hue, and caustic fluids to restore its color. Wigs and false hair were all the fashion in imperial times. For preserving the teeth, chewing of mastic, mastic toothpicks, and pumice stone tooth powder were recommended. To beautify the complexion, Poppæa, the wife of Nero, invented a paste made of breadcrumbs and asses' milk, to be put on in a thick layer when going to bed, and taken off in the morning. A mixture of rice and ground beans was used to take away wrinkles. Rogue, white and black pastes and powders, in dainty pots, to paint the eyebrows and to correct the complexion, were never wanting on the toilette tables, and the epigrams of contemporary satirists teem with allusions to these little mysteries of the sex.

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THE Chinese have long regarded telegraph wire as a very convenient source of tea-box nails, while some of these childlike individuals caught in the act of pulling down the posts have been known to plead that they thought they grew there. The Celestials have hitherto shown a peculiar spite against the telegraph, both cable and land line, and it is quite satisfactory to learn that they are now much better disposed to it, the telephone having opened their eyes to its advantages. The fact is, they did not understand the former telegraphs, as they were unsuited to the Chinese language, which has no alphabet. But now the telephone enables them to converse, and transmits with peculiar fidelity the metallic twang of their monosyllabic language. They are vastly delighted with it, and have just discovered for the first time that it was originally Chinese, having been invented in the year 960 by Kung Foo Whing, an announcement which will satisfy their self-complacency without disturbing the equanimity of Prof. Bell.

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AT last accounts, a Javanese Prince, the King of Solo, was expected in Paris. He is spoken of as wealthy and accomplished, having an annual income of $6 000 000 and speaking several languages. King Solo is accompanied by a full band, which is thus described by *Galignani*:—"The musicians are seated, after the Oriental fashion, upon a platform, attired in the gala Javanese costume. The jacket is of blue cloth, with gilt buttons, the waistcoat white, while a dark-colored handkerchief winds round the head, and the legs and thighs are enveloped in the national "sarong." The instruments are of bamboo, with the exception of an immense copper gong, which serves as a big drum, a couple of two stringed ivory violins, and a harp strung with copper wire, a sort of piano whose keys are struck with hammers instead of the fingers, and a few wind instruments. At a given signal all set up a groaning, crying or humming, as well without false notes as without melody, while time is kept by the contortions of the dancers, the celebrated Rouggenya, copper-colored and almond eyed, with their jet-black hair bound in knots behind the head, which is itself adorned with flowers."

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THE Papuans of New Guiana are still only a half-known race. Intellectually they are placed above the Malays, though the Malays have in reality acquired more actual civilization by contact with superior races. The Papuans have a taste for personal embellishment, but it takes such eccentric forms as the attaching of two boars' tusks joined together to the nose, with the tips turned upward. They eat many kinds of large insects. What they consider music is their ordinary substitute at festivals for intoxicating liquors. They are totally ignorant of metals, and the coast-dwellers are even unable to procure fire for themselves. When they accidentally let their fires go out, they have to ask a spark of the hill tribesmen, who produce it by friction. Yet they divide the year into lunar months, and have names for the constellations. One of the tribes, the Ilema, counts up to a million. In the New Britain group, the Papuans, of New Zealand, have a remarkable custom, which the East cannot match. Girls of six or eight years old are shut up for some five years in cages like huge extinguishers, made of palm leaves, out of which they are never allowed to come till they are to be married. The cages are placed inside large houses, with old women to watch them. The girls are taken out once a day to wash, but they never leave the house. The girls do not suffer in health.

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THE uses of tobacco, after having long been supposed by an ignorant world to be limited to the practices of smoking, chewing and snuffing, have of late years been found much more extensive and various. Unfortunately, the gentleman who is most confident as to the merits of the weed, and who lives at Clamart, in France, has gone a little too fast in his anxiety to turn it to advantage. He has developed a theory that the inhalation of tobacco smoke by fowls caused their flesh to assume a wonderfully white color, and to become very tender at the same time. He accordingly shut up a chicken in his fowlhouse and set fire to a store of "caporal," which he left burning in the place. The young fowl, so far from being averse to the odor of the narcotic, was inclined to try its taste as well as its smell, and had in a few days consumed so much "caporal" that its flesh was not only whitened, but absolutely "nicotinized" with poison. To it as it stood—probably in a rather stupid state—upon its perch entered one night an adventurer named Carrouge, who, after belonging to a confraternity of professional chicken stealers, had started a business of his own at Clamart. The precious bird was carried off, plucked, cooked and eaten, and a short time after breakfast the thief was seized with violent and intolerable pains. He rushed to the doctor, heedless of the necessity which would arise of disclosing his nocturnal escapade. He was found to have been poisoned by the nicotine contained in the flesh of the fowl, and was with some difficulty saved from death. He will now be tried for thieving.

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RUSSIAN merchants recently returned from the interior of China to St. Petersburg, have furnished the *Golos* with terrible details respecting the famine which has for some time past prevailed throughout certain provinces of the Celestial Empire. They depose to having seen people die in the streets of many towns and villages from sheer starvation, and state not only that anthropophagy is practised upon the bodies of the dead, but that famished men attack the living and prey upon them with all the ferocity and greediness of the fiercest carnivora. One of them alleges that he was present at the examination of a mendicant, who had been arrested for some petty theft, and in whose professional wallet the mangled remains of an infant were discovered. This man confessed to the magistrate that for some time previous to his seizure he had lived exclusively upon the fresh flesh of human beings, as he could not surmount his antipathy to that of dead bodies. Another appalling case, which came under the notice of a Russian merchant, was that of a young man who had persuaded his father to assist him in murdering and subsequently eating a girl to whom he was betrothed. Men have been executed for killing and eating their own children, and sons have slain their own fathers in order to appease the pangs of hunger. In some of the northern districts whole villages stand empty, their inhabitants having one and all perished for want of food. Some of the incidents recounted by these commercial travelers and published in the *Golos* are too horrible for reproduction, but the above details will convey some idea of the awful sufferings by which the population of the Flowery Land has lately been, and indeed still is, afflicted.

SUMMER.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

She comes with solemn step and slow,
She wakes the roses by her touch—
"Listen," she says, "for man you bloom,
You cannot bloom and blush too much."

She whispers to the birds and says,
"'Tis time to build your nests; now fly.
Build how you will, and where you will,
The low build low, the high build high."

She whispers to the trees, and says,
"Put forth your blossoms and be gay—
All watch to see your promise fair
For a not distant fruitage day."

The roses bloom, the sweet birds build,
All nature wears an aspect gay;
And while we pause to look about,
Summer silently goes away.

Laura's Trial.

BY C. M. B.

CHAPTER I.

"MY dear, I wish that you would think seriously of it," said Mrs. Alton to her daughter Laura. "Every woman ought to be married. I am no believer in old maids."

"But I am not an old maid yet, mamma," was the smiling reply. "I am only twenty-four."

"Many girls are married long before that," was the oracular reply. "Not that I am an advocate for early marriages; but it seems to me you may go on as undecided and unsettled for the next ten years as you are now."

A look of pain crossed the fair, open face of Laura Alton, and her mother continued: "You are the eldest of five sisters, and you must think of that. Your marriage would leave more room for them, and give them opportunities which it is impossible to afford to all. Kate, for instance, might go out, and she is really growing very pretty. It is not only love for you, but anxiety for them, which prompts me to speak."

"I see, mamma," was the gentle reply. "I will think of what you have said."

"And act upon it, Laura," resumed the sensible, energetic mother; "thinking is one half the battle. Paul Lyton has been begging you every day for two years past to be his wife, and you neither consent nor refuse. I cannot imagine or understand why you do not make up your mind."

"You forbade me to refuse him," replied Laura, with more spirit.

"Then, my dear, do not trifle with him any longer," said her mother; "he has loved you ever since you have been old enough to have a lover. Any girl might be proud to have won the heart of an upright, honest, honorable man like Paul Lyton."

Mrs. Alton looked keenly at her daughter's face, and seeing there no signs of assent, she continued: "Laura, my dear, I hope you are not letting yourself think too much of that careless, gay Allan Gordon?"

A burning flush covered the face whose calm had been disturbed at last.

"He is not a marrying man," said the mother, good naturedly, refusing to see the burning cheeks; "he flirts with every nice or pretty girl he knows, but he likes himself too much to sacrifice his liberty to any one of them. Don't let his songs and compliments and handsome face deceive you, for he will never make you an offer, I feel sure. As soon as a fresh face comes in his way he will forget yours. It is two years since he came to Coombe; but has he ever spoken one sensible word of love or marriage to you in all that time, although he contrives to see you every day?"

"No, mamma," was the faint response; "he has not."

"And never will," said Mrs. Alton. "I know the kind of man. I grant he is handsome and fascinating, but he is a trifler and a flirt. It is a bad thing for any girl to ever receive the attentions of such a man. Your father and I have been anxious for some time over it."

No reply was heard from poor Laura. An interruption fortunately came in the shape of that same sister Kate, and Laura made her escape to her own room.

Shrewd, sensible Mrs. Alton had touched a sore, sensitive point, and the girl shivered as the wound of her heart was laid bare to her own eyes. She was obliged to own to herself that she cared very much for Allan Gordon, twice as much as she did for honest, kindly Paul Lyton. For many long months she had been wondering if he cared for her, and what all his looks and tones meant. In her heart she half believed, even as she hoped, that it was love; yet he never said a word that bordered on the subject. To no one had he ever been so constant as to Laura Alton; yet neither he nor any one else considered he was her lover. He meant no more than he did to other pretty girls; but she had deceived herself by the force of her own wishes; and now, after her mother's lecture, she asked herself how it was to end.

Coombe is a nice little country town; clean, pretty, and quiet, without any great charm of beauty or scenery. The inhabitants were simple, ordinary people, passing quietly from the cradle to the grave, undisturbed by the events that shook the great world to its centre.

Mr. Alton was the only lawyer in the place, a fact that he was wont to declare spoke well for its manners and morals. He was a man of sound sense and sterling principles, a good husband and indulgent father, but he had lately felt somewhat aggrieved that Laura, of whom he was both proud and fond, did not marry his favorite, Paul Lyton. He never gave Allan Gordon a thought, knowing, as did every one else, that his love affairs were numerous, and never undertaken for any definite end.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Alton felt pleased and proud when, three years ago, the young doctor, Paul Lyton, began to fall in love with their pretty, lively daughter. Everything promised so well.

But Paul Lyton was a shy and timid lover; for many months he had noticed and admired the pretty girl, whose soft, clear eyes fell before his gaze. Then he procured an introduction to her, and after that he began to visit at the house.

It was just two years since he had asked permission from Mr. and Mrs. Alton to offer himself as a suitor to their daughter. They referred him to Laura, giving their full consent, and expressing their entire approbation, but leaving the decision of the matter entirely in her own hands.

Laura asked for time. She liked and admired the young doctor, but it was a momentous question, and she did not wish to settle it in a hurry. Paul, ever gentle and chivalrous, acceded to her wish. Indeed, in gaining permission to address her, he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. He did not doubt that she would come to love him in time as truly and devotedly as he loved her.

Allan Gordon was what is called a "gentleman farmer." He lived upon his own farm, and cultivated his own land. It was a pretty little estate, called "The Mulberries," and it had been left to Allan by his uncle, John Riche.

He was a tall, handsome man, with a winning, charming manner, a gay, careless wit, and sparkling humor, that made him popular wherever he went. He laughed at his own inconsistency, and professed himself unable to marry, from the simple reason that amongst so many nice girls it was almost impossible to choose.

It was at church he first saw the pretty, fair face of Laura Alton. He had seen prettier, but none so sweet. The clear, limpid eyes, truthful and shy as the eyes of a child; the glossy brown hair, the delicate rose-color on the cheeks, the ripe, red, smiling lips, filled him with admiration.

A few days afterwards Allan Gordon was introduced to Laura. He found her as charming as she was pretty—sensible, amiable, and intelligent. He liked her better than any one else in Coombe, and let her see that he did so. He soon found out the exact state of affairs—that Laura was not engaged to the young doctor, but that he was a lover on probation.

It was time, then, if he had loved her, to have said so honestly, and she might have chosen between the two, but he did not do so.

For two years this had lasted, and the young doctor began to grow impatient; he wanted to know his fate; so he spoke seriously to Mrs. Alton, and that brought about the conversation that had sent poor Laura with a blushing face and aching heart to her room.

CHAPTER II.

LAURA ALTON was no heroine of tragedy; she had plenty of good common sense, and knew how to use it.

"What was to be done?" she asked herself, for she was in a sore dilemma. She did not feel exactly bound to Paul Lyton; she had never promised to marry him, but only to try and love him. If Allan Gordon did love her, that would simplify matters. If she could be sure of that, she would tell Paul honestly all about it; but if he did not, was she to grieve and disappoint him, to make his life sad and dreary for a vain, foolish dream?

So poor Laura sat and thought through the bright sunny day. It was evident her affairs were at a crisis. She must soon accept Paul Lyton for her husband, or put an end to his visits and their friendship. If she sent him away, what would her parents say? And then—still another reason—if she were married, poor Kate, who loved gaiety so dearly, could go out a little. One marriage invariably brought more. If she remained an old maid, there was less chance for her sister's future.

Paul, too, must be considered. For two years he had been devoted to her, until his love, she knew, had grown to be part of his life. Flung back like a thankless gift, he would suffer bitterly.

But what was the result of her day's thinking? All depended on whether Allan Gordon loved her or not, whether he was sincere in his actions. How to know that was Laura's next puzzle; and she thought it over until her pretty little head ached, and her eyes grew hot and heavy with the pain. She could think of no way in which she could ascertain this. She could not ask him; she would not condescend to any little arts or coquettish manœuvres to obtain the truth from him.

However, she was soon to know whether and how much Allan Gordon cared for her.

Three days after her mother's warning and advice had fallen like a dull cloud over Laura's happy life, Mrs. Charlton, a wealthy widow lady, gave a party, to which most of the young people in Coombe were invited—Laura, with two of her sisters, Paul Lyton, and of course Allan Gordon.

"This will decide," she thought to herself. "Something is sure to happen to-night."

Little did she dream what the something was to be.

In spite of her better sense she felt a slight hope that Allan did love her, after all—that he cared more for her than for others. Perhaps, if she looked very nice that evening, he would tell her he loved her, and all would be well. And nice she did look, the pretty, fair face, with its delicate flush; the sweet, shy eyes, with the lovelight shining in them; the soft brown hair, so neatly braided. Nestling in the thick glossy coils was a beautiful rose, one of those known as the Maideh's Blush. She wore a full, flowing white dress, that showed her slender, graceful figure. It was without any ornament, save that in the bodice was fastened another rose.

A picture of fair, girlish, innocent beauty was Laura Alton; and when she entered the room the man she loved and the man who loved her flew to her side. Paul was dazzled by her beauty. He thought he had been foolish in presuming to think he could win so fair a jewel for himself. Allan thought she looked prettier than she had ever done before, and, being the nicest girl in the room, he would devote the evening to her; at least, such a part of it as was not given to other pursuits. The rival claims were properly adjusted; Paul was promised the first dance, Allan the third, which happened to be a quadrille.

It was very seldom that any novelty was offered at Coombe parties, but Mrs. Charlton had one for her guests in the shape of a young and beautiful French lady, a widow, Madame De Longville. They had met some years ago in Paris, and Madame had promised then that she would certainly at some time visit her friend in her own house. That time had now arrived, but Mrs. Charlton had kept the fact of her guest's arrival a profound secret, knowing that a fresh face, and above all one like Madame's, would add all *eclat* to her party.

There was the faintest possible murmur of surprise when the door opened, and a beautiful lady, clad in a rich and quaint costume, the like of which had never been seen in Coombe, entered the room. Mrs. Charlton proudly introduced Madame De Longville to her guests, and in a few effective whispers circulated the rumor of her wealth and high connections.

The beautiful widow's glance fell upon Allan Gordon.

"Who is that tall handsome man, with the gay, graceful manner?" she asked her hostess.

"You must mean Allan Gordon," was the reply; "that description suits no one else. He is a gentleman residing in the neighborhood."

"Is he engaged to that pretty girl who seems to engross his attention?" was the next question.

"No," laughed Mrs. Charlton. "He is a butterfly, wooing every flower, but staying with none. Marriage and Allan Gordon do not seem possible. I will introduce him to you."

In a few minutes Allan found himself bewildered by the smiles of the most beautiful face he had ever seen. The piquant manner that was Madame De Longville's greatest charm fascinated him. It pleased his vanity, too, that people should think he had made a speedy conquest of the beautiful widow; so he lingered near, and forgot all about his engagement to dance with Laura; entirely regardless of a sweet face that grew pale and wistful as time rolled on, and he never looked in the direction where she was. When the first notes of the quadrille sounded, Paul turned to Laura with a smile.

"I shall have to give you up now," he said; "Mr. Gordon will be here in a moment to claim you."

But minutes rolled on, the dancers took their places, the quadrille commenced, and still Allan sunned himself in the widow's bright smiles, and listened with a charmed ear to her brilliant conversation.

Very wistful and sad were the sweet eyes that drooped and grew dim, but he never heeded them. Allan never thought beyond the pleasure of the moment; he had forgotten all about Laura.

"Mr. Gordon is engrossed by the French lady," said Paul, gently; "he has either forgotten his engagement or he cannot get away."

"He has forgotten it," said Laura, and her lover looked at her with surprise; the voice was unlike her own.

"Does it grieve you?" he simply said; "shall I go and remind him?"

"Not for the world," she replied; but he detected wounded pride, and something more, in every ring of her voice.

It came home to her with a sharp pain never to be forgotten or repeated; after all, her dreams and hopes were vain. He had never loved her; he had but flirted as he did with others. He thought so little of her that a few moments with a fresh face had caused him even to forget his engagements.

Paul left her in search of something she wanted, and Laura, with her sad thoughts, was left alone. Then she overheard fragments of a dialogue between two young ladies who did not see her, half shrouded as she was by the sweeping velvet curtains.

"Allan Gordon has found another love," said Isabel Hare, who had been the first to receive his homage.

"He will find his match in the French lady," laughed the other. "I had really begun to think he would make up his mind to marry Laura Alton."

"He has never had any such thought," replied Isabel. "I heard him say, only three days ago, that he would never part with his liberty. He will never marry. He has said so many a time. I remember once hearing him call Laura a 'quiet, simple kind of girl.' If he ever does marry, it will be in a whirlwind of love—some one who takes him by storm, brilliant and beautiful like Madame De Longville."

Every word of that conversation fell like ice upon poor Laura. Ah, no! it was not so men spoke of girls they loved. Paul would never have called her a "quiet, simple girl." Paul would never have forgotten an engagement to dance with her. He would have surmounted any difficulties, and have overcome any combination of circumstances, rather than have neglected a promise, however small, made to her.

Laura left the party, for which she had dressed with such high hopes, without having exchanged another word with the man she believed loved her. He did not even leave Madame De Longville to say "good-night," although he saw her going.

Mrs. Alton wondered why her daughter was so silent, and the fair, bright face so sad and wistful.

CHAPTER III.

IT was fortunate for Laura Alton that one of her strongest characteristics was good sound common sense. She had had her love dreams, as all girls have. It had been sweet and bright, but it was vain and foolish. Reason and sense told her that if Allan Gordon had loved her ever so little, he would not have so completely forgotten an engagement to dance with her.

"I will do better," said poor Laura, with a sigh. "I will no longer make Paul wretched and my parents anxious. I will do what is right, and brave the rest."

Full of this resolution, she went down stairs and listened to her sister's laughing comments upon the beautiful French lady, without one shade of gravity or care upon her fair face. No one could have told that at every mention of Allan's name her heart beat with a dull aching pain—a pain she had resolved to overcome at any cost.

Not long after breakfast, which was late that morning, a loud ring announced a visitor. To Laura's surprise, it was Allan Gordon. He was full of apologies, and regrets, and contrition.

"If you were less kind, Miss Alton," he said, "I should never dare to approach you again. I am shocked and annoyed at my own carelessness—that I could neglect or appear to forget what has always been to me one of the greatest pleasures in life; but you must forgive me. Madame De Longville knows some friends that I used to be very intimate with in Paris long ago, and I was completely engrossed in listening to her account of them. Will you accept my apologies and assure me I am forgiven?"

"Most completely," replied Laura. "We all know the irresistible force of novelty, Mr. Gordon."

She repented this little touch of pique in her reply, when she found that he made it an excuse for beginning one of those half-flirting, half flattering conversations in which no one excelled him. But never again would those honeyed words please her; she had found out exactly what they were worth.

Allan wondered why this fair young face, that used to blush and brighten at his half-loverlike speeches, was so grave and quiet. He did not feel quite comfortable, and when he rose to take his leave Laura said nothing to detain him. He would have been far better pleased had she shown pride, anger, or pique; he did not like that calm, friendly manner. Perhaps something like a half hope lingered in her heart, that if he had anything to say this was the time he would choose—he might even have called for this purpose; but when the door closed upon him, and his handsome face disappeared, Laura knew that no words of love would ever come from Allan Gordon to her.

It was all over—ended forever; and when she sat face to face with her own disappointment and sorrow, then for the first time she realized how much she had loved handsome Allan Gordon. A blank, dreary dulness had fallen on her, and for some days Laura Alton was unlike herself.

One morning her mother told her that Paul was coming. He was coming in the evening to hear his fate. He was tired of suspense—wretched, unsettled, and miserable—longing to make the girl he loved his wife, to take her to his own home and make her happy there.

When the young doctor did come, he was so gentle, so humble, so patient, that Laura's reserve melted away. Paul lacked grace and charm of manner; but he had what was wanting in his rival—truth and honesty. The love story he had to tell was plain and unvarnished; there was nothing in it of romance; but its very truth made it beautiful. There was no one hope or wish of his, no single aspiration or desire of his life, that he did not lay before the girl he asked to be his wife.

"I know, Laura," he said, "it was presumptuous in me to hope to win you. You are far above me, my darling; but if you could overlook that, and remember only how dearly, and long, and well I love you, you should never repent it. Trust me with your life, and your trust shall be fulfilled."

Before she listened to any more, Laura told him her secret. She might have concealed it, and hidden it from him; but his truth and honesty touched her heart; she felt herself unworthy of such entire and constant devotion, of such great and patient love. She would marry him if he still wished it, after she had told him all. But she would not deceive him; he should know her folly and then he could please himself.

Paul gazed tenderly on the sweet, shy face, and the timid, drooping eyes, as he listened to the pitiful story. She had cared so much about Allan Gordon—more than for any else, and she had hoped he would love her; but he did not, and never would.

"Can you love me after that, Paul?" she whispered—"after knowing that, if another man had asked me to have been his wife, I should have been so?"

"Poor darling!" was all his reply; "even my love could not shield you from trouble."

There was no thought of himself or his own disappointment in the young doctor's mind. The heart he had thought all his own had been given to another's love. But it was not of that he thought or spoke. All his care, his unselfish solicitude, was for the young girl who had suffered.

"And you care for me as much as before?" she said, when he caressed the soft brown hair, and touched the blushing face with his lips.

"Even more," he said. "Some girls, Laura, would not have told me what you have done. I love you better for your honesty and candor."

"You are very kind," she said, gently. "I thought you would never like me again after I had told you all."

"That shows how little you understand my love," he replied; "it would survive far greater shocks. Do not think of it or speak of it again. Try to be happy with me."

It would have been difficult to be otherwise, for never was lover so considerate, so devoted or kind; and as good fortune had it, Allan Gordon was suddenly called to London, before the fact of Laura's engagement became generally known. Every one in Coombe knew of the young doctor's love. He was too honest and simple to make any secret of it; but since the master of The Mulberries had made his appearance, many were uncertain how it would end.

Paul pleaded for as short a probation as possible; he had already waited two years, and, to please Laura, would have waited several more, had there been need of it. But his house wanted a mistress and he wanted his wife; so the wedding was settled to take place at Christmas. Laura had a long standing invitation from some cousins residing in London, whom she had promised to visit before her marriage. By Mrs. Alton's advice and Paul's wishes, she resolved to pay the visit now. She was grateful to Paul and fond of him, but it was not the love she had dreamed of and imagined years ago. She thought absence and change would alter this, so one bright sunny morning in October she left home for London, little dreaming that the trial of her life would take place there.

Paul wrote every day; then for the first time she began to realize what she was to him. Every letter was filled with plans for her happiness, and contained full details of all the preparations made to receive her in her new home; of the new furniture for the drawing-rooms, of the little conservatory that was building, the laying out of the flower beds, the choice of pictures; everything had reference to her; every thought and wish was centered in her. It is a great destiny to be so completely necessary to any human heart. Laura began to see what Paul would have suffered had she married Allan Gordon, and at times she felt glad, and even happy, that fate had given her to him.

Madame de Longville returned to Paris, and three days afterwards Allan Gordon came home. Two unexpected pieces of news greeted him; one was that pretty Laura Alton had gone to London on a visit; the second, that she was engaged to the young docter, Paul Lyton.

"I don't believe one word of it," was his first expression; but he could not help the conviction that it was true.

"Well, and what had it to do with him?" he said to himself. He had liked Laura very much—who could help it? She was so graceful, so pretty, so good; above all, she liked him; he was sure of it. Had he not watched the flush upon her cheek, and the love-light in her clear, limpid eyes? His vanity was wounded that she had preferred another, and not waited a little longer for him. He had been more constant in his attentions to her than he had ever been to another.

These were his first thoughts. Wounded pride, slighted vanity, and angry pique, soon gave place to others. Whether it was the spirit of opposition or contradiction, it would be impossible to say; whether it was that when he found how highly Laura was estimated by another, that he discovered her worth, or whether, unknown to himself, he had really loved her, will never be known; but he began now to think that she was necessary to his life.

"She liked me, I am sure," he thought. "It is not too late—she is not married yet. Let her be where she may, I will find her out, and ask her to be my wife."

CHAPTER IV.

ALLAN GORDON managed (he best knew how) to find out the address of the ladies Laura had gone to visit—Morley Terrace, Regent's Park; and before he had known it two hours he was on his road to London. He never gave even one thought to the fact that there was dishonor in seeking the promised wife of another man; that side of the question never struck him.

It was a beautiful day in October, one of Nature's fairest and brightest days, when the sunbeams lighted up the gay colors of Autumn until they became dazzling, when rustling leaves lay upon the ground, and seemed to fill the air; a morning that sent Laura Alton with a light heart into the pretty little garden where autumnal flowers bloomed. While she was there, a gentleman called and asked to see her. He sent in his card, and Miss Dent seeing upon it the name of Allan Gordon, knew that he was an old friend of the family, and asked him to join Miss Alton in the garden.

Laura was busily engaged in tying up some scarlet clusters; she was smiling to herself as she remembered a humorously extravagant expression in Paul's letter that morning, when, raising her eyes, she saw the handsome, smiling face of Allan Gordon. For a moment her heart seemed to stand still. Why had he come there to seek her? Then the warm flush dyed her face crimson. Not yet could she listen to that voice quite unmoved.

"Laura," he said, going up to her, and taking the trembling little hand in his own, "do you know why I am here? I heard a rumor in Coombe, and am come to ask you yourself if it be true."

"What is it?" she said, trying to take her hand from his grasp, but he held it tightly.

"It is that you are going to be married to Paul Lyton," he replied; "tell me, is it true?"

"It is quite true," she replied.

"I cannot—I will not believe it!" he said passionately. "You knew I loved you Laura; and I thought—I fancied—you liked me. I did not know my own heart. I did not know how dear you were to me until I found I was going to lose you."

"The knowledge has come too late," she said; and her lips quivered as she spoke. "I am the promised wife of Paul Lyton."

"That promise cannot bind you," he cried hastily; "it was made under a mistake."

"I shall abide by it," she replied with gentle firmness.

"You cannot, Laura," he said; "you must not. Tell me—have you never cared for me?"

"It is useless to speak of that now, Mr. Gordon," said Laura; "it would not be honorable. I shall say nothing to you that I would not say in Paul Lyton's presence."

"Do not be so harsh, Laura," he said; "have some little pity for me. I am come to tell you that I love you better than all the world besides, and to implore you to be my wife. Look at me: tell me you care for me."

It was a hard trial; every fibre of her heart seemed racked with pain, and yearned towards him; the handsome face glowing with love and tenderness, the dark eyes softened and wistful, the voice that had ever made music to her soul, pleading with her for love.

The first rush of happiness was great—that she could not help; but her faith never faltered; the trial was hard, the temptation strong; but no thought of betraying Paul Lyton ever entered her mind.

Allan watched her fair, sweet face as it paled and flushed, and the quivering lips grew sad and still. He began to see there was no hope for him.

"Laura," he said, gently, "it would break my heart to be sent away from you. Now I know I love you, I cannot live without you. It cannot be that you have never cared for me."

He never forgot the expression of her face as she turned to him.

"It is useless to speak of that," she cried; and he heard the sharp ring of pain in her voice. "You must remember, Mr. Gordon, that had you cared for my love, you have had plenty of time for saying so. You have waited until another has asked for it, and I am the betrothed wife of an honorable gentleman. I tell you it is too late. Whatever I might have done or said a few weeks since, I tell you now it is too late; a promise such as I have given is not to be broken. I shall live and die Paul Lyton's wife as I have promised. Say no more, Mr. Gordon; it grieves me, and it is all too late."

He never forgot the dreary sound of pain in her voice as she uttered those words, or the look of patient endurance that came over her face.

"Do not leave me under any false impressions," she added. "Remember my last words to you are, that I honor and esteem the man I am going to marry."

She never remembered how he left her. She had but a dim recollection of feeling that a dull awful blank had fallen upon her—of his hands clasping hers while he murmured words of farewell, that even Paul would have sorrowed to hear, of seeing a broad patch of sunshine where he had stood and feeling that light and life and sunshine were all cruelty.

The morning passed like a long dreary dream. Yet through it all—through the pain and sorrow—she had a feeling of relief and thankfulness that her faith was unbroken, and the heart that trusted in her had not been betrayed. And as time wore on she grew even more thoughtful and more glad. She had not given up the gold for the tinsel. She could never have thoroughly trusted Allan Gordon; at any time a fairer face would have taken him from her side. Time proved to her the strength, and constancy, and truth of the young doctor's love.

After a few days the pain grew less. When she could think quietly over all that had happened, Allan Gordon did not rise in her esteem for seeking the love of another man's promised wife. Paul would never have done so, and in proportion as her admiration for the sterling, honorable qualities of the young doctor increased, the charm that the gay manner of Allan Gordon had thrown over her grew less.

The time came when Laura could honestly look in her lover's kindly face and feel that she loved him far better than all the world besides. Then she was thankful that she had resisted the temptation, and bravely stood her trial.

It was a happy marriage. There never was a prettier or sweeter bride in Coombe than Laura Alton. There is no happier household in the world than that of the young doctor and his wife.

It was long before Laura saw Allan Gordon again. He was not at Coombe when she was married. He could not bear the place without her. He went to Paris, where he met Madame de Longville again; and the last rumor in Coombe was, that he had persuaded the brilliant and beautiful French lady to share his home.

Laura smiled when she heard it, and looked with tender, grateful eyes at her husband. She would not have changed his sterling character and good sense for all the brilliant qualities that could be given to man. Her love for him grew and increased day by day as she appreciated and understood him better.

There is no event in Laura's life for which she is so grateful as for having had strength and firmness to withstand her trial.

NEW USES OF PAPER.

THE world has lately heard of some extraordinary uses of paper. In devising new modes of utilising the article this country takes the lead. Barrels composed of straw paper are said to be manufactured by a New York firm. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure; and when reduced to the required thickness the halves are cut off at the end, and the pieces are then placed in a steam drier, the sides trimmed evenly, and the substance thoroughly dried. The advantages of the barrels over wooden ones, we are told, are lightness, cheapness, durability, and the prevention of flour from sifting out while in transit. Even as a protector of the bottoms of iron ships from rust and animal and vegetable growth, paper has been found effective. This new use for paper has thus far been proved in sea-voyages; and with regard to land-travelling, it is well-known how railway carriage-wheels are manufactured from the same material. For this purpose the paper is cut into disks the diameter of the wheel, less the thickness of the tire, and subjected to a very great pressure, and then secured by iron flanges held by bolts passing through them and the paper. The wheel then receives a steel or iron flagged tire. Many advantages are claimed for the use of paper for this purpose; no other material of the same weight of which a wheel may be made, being considered to possess such strength. Mention of railways reminds us of the telegraph, and even with this indispensable accessory of railway traffic we find the subject of our article has something to do. Telegraph wires can be covered and insulated with paper pulp, which may be applied either to a naked wire or to a wire which is already covered. The purpose of the paper covering is that of protection from injuries of the inclosed wire, or of the inclosed wire and material surrounding it; the injuries to be guarded against being of a mechanical or chemical nature; or the purpose may be for the electrical insulation of the wire, or for the strengthening of it to resist strains.

In more general ways, there are various uses to which paper may be applied, as, for instance, the protection of plants in uncertain weather by old newspapers, which are recommended for this purpose. They are said to exclude a considerable amount of frost, and are useful inside frames with or without mats. The uses for which *papier maché* has been adapted seem to be almost endless. The possibility of its successful application to building purposes has been demonstrated; and now we hear that a German firm have succeeded in making chimney-pots of paper. They are said to be far more durable than metal ones, as they are not liable to any form of corrosion, while being also lighter and far cheaper. Before the paper-pulp is moulded and compressed into the required shape, it is treated with chemicals, which render it non inflammable. Pulp made from wood has been taken in hand by cabinet-makers as well as paper-manufacturers. Mouldings are made of this substance for frames and decorative purposes, which have all the sharpness of outline possessed by the best carvings. Some of the French furniture makers are said to have expressed great satisfaction at the new style of ornamentation, which will enable them to turn out their 'old oak carvings' at a minimum cost as far as labor is concerned.

The quantity of paper now issued from numerous newspaper offices in a single week amounts to many tons in weight, and supposing sheet were added to sheet would reach thousands of miles in length. There are said to be many more paper mills in the United States than in the British Isles; and the exports of paper from this country have we are assured greatly increased. In the international paper Exhibition of Paris, five hundred and thirty five firms, including most of the leading houses in Germany Austria, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Switzerland and the United States contributed. Besides every variety of writing and printing paper, there is also paper for paper-hangings, paper blinds, and paper for building purposes, the general applicability of the article being also demonstrated by paper-houses, with tables, chairs, chandeliers, and stoves of the same material. No part of the gallery of machines in the late Paris Exhibition was more patronised than that in the French section, where old rags were converted into pulp, dried, pressed in plates, and then wound round a bobbin as paper. The English and French display of white and colored paper was excellent in point of solidity, equality of pulp, tenacity, and grain; and the English cream-laid was thought to be unrivalled. The French show of fantastic letter paper was very fine; and the American paper was remarkable for its suppleness, resistance, and brilliancy.

Those curious people the Japanese do wonders with paper in the way of toys, lacquer-ware, and such articles, for example, as the imitation of stamped and embossed leather. The originality, coloring, and design exhibited in their wall papers are also worthy of all praise. In short, a very important future may be adgured for this useful material from the examples here referred to.

OLD ENGLISH LAND TENURE.—An extract from "Domesday" shows that in Edward's time the queen used to have all the wool of the sheep in a particular manor, and that the same estate paid to the king, for tenure, ten pints of honey and 3 000 loaves for the dogs. Afterwards it paid 20 cows, 20 pigs and 22 pounds in money. No man was so free but he was bound to plow or do hay-making in requital for his land. In John's time a tenant held his land by right of finding two or three greyhounds for the king; another by escorting the king's treasurer throughout the county at his own cost and outside of the king's cost; still another by five shillings and three harvestings every day, providing three men and three hay-makings, and "he pays toll, and cannot give his daughter in marriage without leave of his lord." In 1240 a day's labor was worth one halfpenny, a day's plowing a penny, and the plowing of an acre fourpence.

MECHANICAL AID.—Illustrative of the application of mechanical aid, the following statements are the result of actual experiment upon a stone weighing 1080 pounds: To drag the stone along the smooth floor of the quarry required a force equal to 758 pounds; the same stone dragged over a floor of planks required a force of 652 pounds; placed on a platform of wood, 606 pounds; when the two surfaces of wood were soaped as they slid over each other, the force required was but 183 pounds. Placed upon rollers three inches in diameter, a force of but 34 pounds was needed; and by the same rollers upon a wooden floor, a force of only 28 pounds.

Jennie June says that the sense of decency requires the addition of drapery to the fashionable imported bathing costumes now in vogue at watering places.

The Appointment.

BY A. N. W.

IT happened a long time ago—so long that, when I think of it, I cannot help smiling, just as if my adventure concerned some one else. Yet the portrait that I see before me, hung facing my sofa, with fair curls and dreamy eyes, is my own—that is, as I was thirty five years ago.

I was a widow, had worn mourning for two years—crape throughout the first year—so that my returning to the world was quite proper. I had reached soft blue, with roses in my hair, when I met at a friend's house Count Alexis Battany, who offered me his deepest homage in the most unequivocal fashion. At balls he was my partner for the mazurka; at concerts was always behind my chair; and when out driving his open carriage, in which, with the aid of the famous cloak, he was superbly draped, passed and repassed before mine ten times or more. What resistance could I offer to so much fascination?

Nevertheless, there could be no question of my marrying Count Alexis. My dearest enemies took too much pains to induce me to accept him, and my real friends—those who had passed the age of harming—were too urgent in their dissuasions.

I had a son, and I owed it to him to keep his father's fortune intact: if I remarried, it should be to a steady and prudent man, who would make good use of our money. In short, I could not marry Count Alexis. Everyone was agreed on that, I amongst the very first.

Yes; but he was charming! His black eyes, his stories of the Caucasus—at that time only spoken with poetical enthusiasm—his very follies, had an irresistible charm for me.

"It is in the Caucasus," said Alexis, "that I have wished to live with you—you, you so beautiful, so noble, so courageous." (I was not at all courageous, but then he did not know that.) "In the midst of those mountains, in the recesses of some valley shaded by great oaks, we would have lived happy, forgetting and forgotten! I would have spread the softest of carpets beneath your feet"—he trampled with disdain on a superb velvety Aubusson, but I thought much more of Persian carpets naturally!—"I would have unfurled the embroidered silks of the East before you; your queenly hands would have toyed with necklaces of amber and pearl. *Apropos*," he said interrupting himself and turning towards me, "do you know that what I have brought from the Caucasus would furnish a palace?"

I had heard of Count Alexis's Circassian boudoir, but the owner of the boudoir interested me sufficiently to have prevented my curiosity from attaching itself to what belonged to him.

"I have heard of it," I said absently.

He then began to enumerate his riches to me, to dazzle my imagination by a description of the strange and charming objects that filled his apartment; and when he saw how fascinated I was by his account said, with a sigh, "What is the use in speaking of it?—it ought to be seen."

I sighed instinctively, as an echo to him, doubtless.

"But, Princess," cried my hero, suddenly, as if awaking from a dream, "why should you not go to see it?"

"Count!" replied I, indignantly, with a secret pleasure, however, at being invited.

"I meant no harm!" he answered, with the most deterential air. "I am away from home all day. You need not come by daylight. At night, towards eight o'clock, when it is dark, a staircase, leading up to the first floor, will take you directly into my cabinet without passing under the eyes of the porter who guards the staircase. My servants, even, will hear nothing about it, this little key opens the door."

He handed me a key—such a key! The size of a watch key, in chased gold, and ornamented with rubies. That key would have been the perdition of a saint, such wonders did it promise. He placed it before me, I kept silence.

"What day?" said he, in a low voice.

I pushed away the key.

"No Count; I shall not go."

"I ask you what day, so as not to run the risk of meeting you as I have promised that you should not see me."

In short what is positive is that, five minutes afterwards I was alone, the key in my hand, and having promised to go the next evening.

I pass over in silence the history of my remorse, of my agitation, of the resolutions taken and then forsaken.

The next evening having found an excellent pretext—excellent, because it had taken me fourteen hours to find it—I left my home furtively, on foot. Count Alexis lived in a neighboring street, and I soon arrived under the gateway of his house. I perceived a door; I ascended three steps—no one saw me. The court-yard was deserted, by order, doubtless I have since thought. I pushed the key into the keyhole, not without trembling a little, and I entered.

Count Alexis had said truly: his cabinet was a marvel. The first glance gave me an impression of entire satisfaction such as we feel when our sense of the beautiful has nothing more to desire.

When I had touched every box, opened every drawer, tried on every jewel, I looked at a door with superb hangings which led apparently into the inner rooms. I examined the keyhole—it was locked on the outside. I put my ear to it without shame or confusion, and heard these words, spoken by a servant, probably: "Do come down; the Count will be here before ten minutes."

Someone passed on tiptoe, and silence was re established. I retired safely to a low divan, placed at the other end of the room, and sat down to reflect.

"As the Count is coming, why don't you go away?" demanded the reasonable part of my intelligence.

I rose, with a decided air, and walked quickly round the room two or three times. The carpet came from Persia, but mine was much handsomer and much softer. This remembrance of civilized Europe brought me back to less poetical thoughts. My home seemed to me charming just then; but what does it matter? thought I. I want to make the most of life! At this hour women are dressing to go to balls, to listen to platitudes and to dance quadrilles;—here at least——

A small clock struck half past eight. Its sound was exactly the same as that of a travelling clock that I had received as a present three years previously. It was at the time of my son's birth.

At half-past eight I always went to kiss him in his bed for the night; he knew this so well, that he always waited for the clock to strike to call out "Mamma!" But that day I had not kissed my baby; what could I have said to him? I had told my servants that I was going on foot to vespers at the neighboring church—servants are of no importance; and, besides, if we rendered them an explanation of all our actions! But now my son—that was another matter. Without explaining to myself why, I felt that it would be painful to lie to the child.

I realized with horror that in fact I had not troubled myself about the child since the night before.

Was I going to forget to be a mother? And for whom? For a pair of black eyes and a little bombast!

A carriage stopped before the flight of steps in front of the house, deposited someone, and dashed noisily under the gateway, making all the knick-knacks around me tremble.

It was the Count coming in.

"But he promised me that I should be alone!" cried I, mentally. "It is abominable! He is breaking his word! And what will he think of me if he finds me here?"

I hurried into the little ante-chamber; I flung on my cloak without taking time to put my arms in the sleeves; I opened on to the staircase, taking care to double lock the door behind me, by the means of the precious gold key, which I carefully carried away.

Five minutes later I was at home, rather breathless. I ran first of all to baby's bedside, who, very solemn, was seated upright, declaring to his nurse that in the first place he would not go to sleep until he had seen mamma, and that there was no use in teasing him.

When he saw me, baby held out his arms, and said to the frightened nurse, "I told you she would come!"—after which, having kissed me, he lay down on his pillow, shut his eyes and his fists, and went to sleep.

I had hardly had time to change my dress, when I heard horses stop beneath my window.

I seated myself very comfortably in my usual place, and ordered tea to be served.

Count Alexis entered, with his hair tossed about, looking very tragic, and with eyes filled with passion.

"Thank Heaven," cried he, "I find you alive!"

His voice, his manner, all seemed to me as false as possible.

"And why, dear Count, should I not be alive?" asked I, with the most tranquil mien.

My assurance made him lose a little of his own.

"But," said he, "I had thought you went—did you not, dear Marie?—you went—you deigned?"

I looked at him attentively, and, thanks to I know not what miracle, I saw in him nothing but an actor—and not a very good one.

"Went? Why? Where?"

He looked at me with an air of stupefaction. I could not help laughing.

"You forgot yesterday this small object on the table," said I pushing the key towards him. "It must be precious, do take it back."

Completely at a loss Count Alexis took the key and put it in his watch pocket, without saying a word.

The servant, who had just entered with the tea on a waiter offered him a glass.

"No, I thank you," said he. "I have no time, I am expected at home."

And he disappeared.

Now, when I think of it, I cannot help laughing, but that night I cried bitterly. I cried from rage at the thought that I might have ruined myself for that fool. And all that for the sake of Eastern carpets, and a little rhodomontade!

Her Failing.

BY A. L. S.

IF Mrs. Lamb had been born deaf and dumb she might have been a much happier woman. She often said so herself, but she had one failing.

The trouble that long tongue of hers had got her into no one knew—no one could know but herself.

No matter how important a secret was, it was impossible for her to keep it.

So there could not be a family tiff but all the world knew it at once. Emma Smith—that was Mrs. Lamb's maiden name—told everything and told it to everybody.

Emma was engaged to five different young men before Mr. Lamb came along, and her love affairs came to an untimely end by reason of her chattering.

Mr. Lamb, a wise, serious, silent man profited by the troubles of his predecessors, and wisely told Emma nothing which he did not desire to have repeated.

Therefore, they came at last to their wedding day, and the long-suffering relatives of Emma, saw her transferred to another home with sensations of relief.

In her new abode Mrs. Lamb became comparatively harmless.

She told all the news as before, but the small proper household had no secrets whatever.

Mr. Lamb kept his business affairs strictly to himself. Consequently, Mrs. Lamb found herself forced to fall back on the delinquencies of the laundress, and the evil deeds of Bridget, the cook, for her conversation, and peace reigned in the household of the Lambs.

But, alas, upon a evil day Mr. Lamb had a falling out with his business neighbor, Mr. Ratam, the grocer, who would persist in filling up the pavement under Mr. Lamb's window with boxes, barrels, bags, and other articles.

Hard words passed, and in his excitement Mr. Lamb told the facts to his wife.

In the course of the next day that well meaning but indiscreet lady had spread the tale over the whole town, not omitting the statement that Mr Lamb in kicking a box of tea from his premises had put his foot through it, and was obliged to pay for the tea which was gathered up in the meanwhile by several boys and women and carried away.

Moreover, that he had also split his new boot in his efforts.

Lamb's friends joked him; his enemies sneered.

Mr. Lamb knew the grocer to be taciturn and reticent. His wife had betrayed him.

That day he meditated.

At tea time he did not return to his domicile as usual.

At half past ten Lamb came in.

He wore a very solemn countenance, and he merely nodded to her.

Never before in his wedded life had Mr. Lamb neglected the kiss of welcome.

Mrs. Lamb looked at him in surprise, and having taken the teapot from its warming place upon the hearth, said, softly—

"You're late dear."

"Yes," said Lamb.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope," said Mrs. Lamb.

"Deuced unpleasant," responded Mr. Lamb.

"Oh, what is it?" said Mrs. Lamb, stepping up to her husband and putting her hand on his shoulder.

"That's a secret," said Mr. Lamb. "You know what a long tongue you have, Emma."

Emma sighed.

"It's a dreadful thing," said Lamb. "Ugh, I can't think of it with calmness. Give me a cup of tea, Emma. Dear, dear, dear!"

He took his seat at the table, swallowed the tea his wife poured out for him, and stared at the wall behind her, with such a horror stricken look, that she twice turned to see what he could be looking at—on which occasions Mr. Lamb remarked:—

"No, no! there's nothing there, Emma."

Had Mr. Lamb gone mad?" Was it possible that Mr Lamb had gone mad?

Mrs Lamb almost feared that this was so, or as soon as he had swallowed his supper he roared without a word.

Mrs Lamb soon followed his example but slept ill not with his pillow. Mr Lamb groaned aloud, and muttered unintelligibly.

"My dear, what is the matter?" signed Mrs. Lamb.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Mr. Lamb.

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Lamb.

"You'll never tell?" said Lamb, solemnly in the darkness.

"No, no," said Mrs Lamb.

"Well," said Mr Lamb "I feel that I must unbosom myself to someone. I've killed Ratam."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Lamb.

"I've killed Ratam, the grocer. That's what kept me so late. Oh dear!"

"He is mad," said poor Mrs Lamb.

"No I'm not, Emma," said Mr Lamb. "No, I'm not. Indeed, I'm not! He came into my office about that tea, you know; and I got angry, and we had words, and—well, he'd brought his cheese-knife with him, and when he called me a rascal I snatched up the knife—well, there he was dead, you know, and murder is a hanging matter. So I felt I must hide it. I just stepped out, and got a barrel—an empty potato barrel. I had to cut him into pieces like pork, you know, to get him in. No wonder I'm not myself, Emma."

But he said no more. Emma was in hysterics.

Poor Emma Lamb! She sat alone next day, after her husband had gone to the office, and felt that the world had been turned topsy turvy.

Here was a secret she must keep—a horrible secret that she dared not breathe to anyone.

Oh, she must tell her mother. Her mother would know what depended on silence.

She would be true. And then, somewhat comforted, Emma put on her hat, tied a veil over her eyes, and ran over to the parental house.

In just ten minutes after her entrance old Mrs. Smith and her daughter Maria knew all about the affair; she began to utter shriek after shriek, each shriller and more prolonged than the last.

The windows were open; neighbors heard and rushed in.

The house was in commotion. No one knew what had happened, and someone sent for the family doctor.

The doctor came. He was a wise, benignant old gentleman, and he questioned Mrs. Lamb kindly.

"Something had agitated Mrs. Smith and Miss Maria?" he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lamb.

"And you are trembling, too," said the doctor.

They were alone in a little room, whither he had led her to question, and Mrs. Lamb could not restrain her tongue.

"Oh doctor," said she, "you wouldn't wonder if you knew all. Don't tell anyone."

And then and there she told him all.

Meanwhile the ear of the servant girl was at the keyhole.

"My dear, my dear, this is horrible!" said the doctor. "You can't expect me to keep a secret like that. Compound a murder! Be a sort of accomplice after the fact! I can't—I can't. Not if it were my own son."

Mrs. Lamb screamed, and Biddy Haggerty left the keyhole and ran to the police-station.

Mr Ratam had been murdered last night. Mr Lamb murdered him. The grocer's remains were in a barrel in the old cistern behind the office. She had all the particulars.

In half an hour two stout policemen were on their way to arrest Mr. Lamb, who shortly was led through the streets towards the house followed by a crowd of boys, and gazed at from the windows.

Policeman Pine was an old friend of Lamb's. He expected to meet him.

"I assure, said he, 'I regret the part I've been compelled to take in this affair. I hope there's been a mistake. I hope you've told Mrs. Lamb that you had murdered Mr. Ratam, and that his remains were packed in a barrel in your cistern."

"I told her so," said Lamb. "I don't deny it. Mrs I see my wife in your procession but I am sent to the cells."

To avoid a scene being recorded, Mrs. Lamb was sent for.

She arrived in the cab a mere wisp of misery, her hair disheveled, her collar untidy, her eyes and nose swollen. With her came all her relatives and half the town.

Lamb stood before his miserable wife and looked at her with a queer expression on his face.

"I confided an awful secret on which my life depended to your wifely bosom Emma," he said, "and you betrayed me!"

"Oh, my dear! Oh my dear!" moaned Mrs Lamb. "I didn't mean to. Oh, please forgive me! It's my fault. Let him go. I did! Oh, oh!"

The ladies of the Smiths family wept; spectators shook their heads.

At this instant somebody was heard saying—

"Let me go through, folks;" and in an instant more a bulky form appeared before the policeman who stared at it in astonishment.

"I just came back from market," said the new comer cheerfully, "and I hear I'm murdered and packed away into a barrel in Mr. Lamb's cistern. Who has circulated this story? How do do Lamb? All right now?"

"Well," said Lamb, "it's Mrs Lamb has been telling me, I believe, but I told her. I just wanted to see how long a woman's tongue really was. Now I know."

"Shameful! Come home with me, daughter," cried old Mrs Smith, but Emma put her hand under her husband's arm and they went home together.

You won't publish the next secret I confide to you, will you, Emma?" asked Mr. Lamb.

Emma said nothing.

Georgia has 150 newspapers.

Our Young Folks.

OUR JIMMIE.

A True Story

BY MISS MARY E. P. DAVIS.

JIMMIE was a handsome little fellow, and very precise and neat in his appearance. He always wore a shiny black coat—not "all buttons down before," as did good old Grimes, for it opened to display a buff waistcoat, and he was never seen abroad, nor indeed anywhere else, without boots and gloves of this same color, only a shade darker.

Thereby hangs a tale—yes, two of them for Jimmie was a dog—a little black-and-tan—one of the cunningest, faithfulest dogs in the world.

My acquaintance with Jimmie began about the time the son of his old master came to see me. I dare say Jimmie was curious to know where he went, and so resolved to find out. Accordingly, one fine Sabbath he stayed out unperceived, and when the carriage drove away, under it trotted a little inquisitive dog. He kept well out of sight until the carriage stopped, when away danced Jimmie, as bold and independent as possible.

He must have done a great deal of thinking while he was chasing the chickens and "cutting up" as only a little dog can, for the next Sabbath he ran away, and when his master drove up, there sat Jimmie on the piazza ready to welcome him, quite like an old friend of the family.

When in course of time I went to live at his home, he constituted himself my protector. To arouse his ire, some of the family would make hostile demonstrations toward me, when Jimmie would leap up and bark so angrily that it was very amusing.

Such a courageous little fellow as he was! He was master of all the dogs in the neighborhood, big and little. His mode of warfare was generally to leap about and bark and bite in so many places so nearly at once that his enemy would become confused and beat a retreat, Jimmie following close at his heels. He drove them from sheer force of will for let a large dog muster sufficient courage to withstand Jimmie's tactics, our little black and tan retreated at once, knowing full well that in strength and endurance he was no match. With such he always made a treaty, and whenever they were in company, Jimmie might be seen a little ahead, every wriggle of his bushy shewing his sense of leadership and superiority which the big dog stupidly following never thought of disputing.

He and the cat were great cronies, although I had a misgiving sometimes that as is the way with great minds, Jimmie treated her well because she was useful to him.

His master's house was an old fashioned farmhouse, with latches to the doors instead of knobs, and Puss could open any of them from the outside. So when both were out of doors and he wished to enter Puss would leap lightly up, holding on to the handle with one claw; with the other she would strike the thumb piece, and open *sesame* came the door.

But Jimmie would not allow her to eat with him—not believing in equality, you see, nevertheless he was always kind to her, and never teased her.

He had a comical vein. One summer, his mistress was absent from home and the eldest daughter undertook to keep house. She was rather unskilled in cookery, and in the course of the summer produced some exceedingly poor specimens. A batch of biscuit were made at last, but nobody could eat them. She gave one to Jimmie, and he trotted off with it into the yard, looking very grateful no doubt and thinking he had got hold of a choice morsel.

He soon found out his mistake; but, like the loyal dog he was, tried to eat it. He turned it over, *tackling* it in as many ways as old John Willet, of the May pole Inn and his cherries; but to no purpose. He could not eat it; and so he took it up and trotted back to Ellen and laid it at her feet. Her brother said there were tears in Jimmie's eyes, but I am inclined to doubt this part of the story.

Jimmie was perfectly devoted to his old master. One day, with Jimmie beside him, he went into the hay field to mow with the machine. Taking off his vest he threw it down, and told Jimmie to watch it. He forgot all about it, but the sturdy little watchman did not, but stood beside it all the hot afternoon, the rainy night and the next forenoon—dinnerless, supperless, and breakfastless.

At last he was remembered and hunted up. They found him lying on the wet ground, hungry and lean, but determined.

Faithful Jimmie!

But there came a time when Jimmie's master went out to meet the Great Master, when Jimmie whined and moaned, and the kind voice of his master failed to answer him.

Just before the coffin was closed, he came into the church and went along to the place where lay his old friend. Standing on tip toe, he gazed sadly for the last time on the still, white face; then turned away.

I do not seem to remember much about him or the other dogs that followed. He must have been very quiet.

It was only a short time, however, before we had occasion to visit a neighboring town, and Jimmie started with us. We remembered seeing him before we reached the cemetery, but never afterwards. He never came back, though we expected him for a long time, and his fate is unknown.

We have thought that he went to visit his master's grave, and died there. Maybe, however, his old home seemed too sad for him, and he went to seek another.

This was six years ago; but I never see a little black-and tan resembling him that I do not call "Jimmie, Jimmie;" but no Jimmie answers, and I fear he is dead.

This story, little boys and girls, is all true, every word of it.

BE CONTENTED.

MOST people would be glad to be contented if only they knew how. They have seen people who seemed contented, and they were the happiest people they ever happened to meet; but how one can manage to become contented is more than the average mortal can comprehend. There are so many ambitious thoughts and feelings to arise in the mind, so much to wish for, so much to hope for.

The fact is, a great many people are contented, only they don't seem to realise it. They imagine that in order to become thoroughly contented one must renounce all hope, all desire, and all wish to be either better, worse, or different, come to a decided stand still and forever remain there; but a man or woman may be contented without becoming an absolute cypher. To be better satisfied with your own lot than that of any one you know, is to be contented; to value your own mind or taste, or feelings, or attractions above those of others is to be contented. The most essential thing to have, if we would become contented, is plenty of backbone, or an average bump of what phrenologists call self esteem; in other words, if we would be contented we must have a mind of our own, and not depend on our friends to tell us what we need to make us happy. This trying to please everybody and pleasing nobody, like the man in the story, is just what makes so many people discontented.

"Suit yourself and you'll suit the rest," has in it as much truth as poetry.

In trying to be contented we should bear in mind the story of the contented philosopher. He lived in a very small house and probably had a small income, as most literary men do. His friend visited him, gazed with contempt upon his little home, and among other things said, "Why, you haven't room enough to swing a cat!" "My dear friend," replied the philosopher, "I have no desire to swing a cat."

S. A. M. M.

About six months ago a young Brazilian, aged about twenty-eight, arrived in Paris from Rio Janeiro. He called himself Ferdinand Costales and gave himself out as a doctor rich enough not to practice. Of a pleasing exterior and provided with authentic papers and letters of credit and introduction, the young Brazilian penetrated the *salons* of the noble faubourg. He was an inexhaustible dancer, agreeable in chat, and a welcome. After these soirees he used to go to the boulevard restaurants and carry on the gaiety through the night. The Brazilian always wore his hair pasted over his forehead and temples at all hours of the day and the night. Mr. Costales was supping in company with two girls and a fourth person at one of the boulevard restaurants. The fourth person, for young impudence, put his fingers through the hair of Costales. The latter rose furious, and very soon left the room. The next morning he was arrested at his house. The fourth person was a detective, who had suspected Costales to be a certain Morin, who had escaped from New Caledonia. The convict's ear discovered under the hair was conclusive. The noble faubourg had once more received a thief into its bosom.

The Rev. Abraham Wykoff of New Orleans, has just arrived at Flemington, N. J., to visit some relatives of his after a ten weeks' journey on horseback. Mr. Wykoff left New Orleans the 1st of June, and has been traveling ever since resting on Sundays only. He went every mile of the way on his horse, and has not been impeded by the heat or the storms he encountered. He made it a practice to cover thirty five miles each day, and then stop for the night. His only variation from this rule was on the last day of his journey, when he covered forty five miles. He is described as so bronzed by the sun that he looks like a Western drover. His route was by way of Savannah and Richmond. Mr. Wykoff is pastor of the Canal Street Presbyterian Church in New Orleans, and made the trip in the manner he did for his health, and because of his unusual fondness for horseback riding. Both himself and his horse are in good condition.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 325. BANANARAMA

No. 326.
Z I B E O N
I M A U M
R A C E
C U E
O M
N

No. 327. BLOOD STONE

No. 328.
B A F F I S H
A G O U T I
F O C U S
F U U R
I T S
S I
H

No. 329. GIBRALTER.

No. 330.
F L O C C O S E
L A M E L L A
O M E N E D
C E N S E
C L E E
O L D
S A
E

No. 331. THE SINKING OF THE ALABAMA.

No. 332.
G R A S S P O L Y
R A N C H E R O
A N D A R A C
S C A L E R
S H R E W
P E A R
O R C
L O
Y

No. 333. DESIGN

No. 334.
C O M P O S I T O R
O V E R R I D E S
M E D I A T E D
P R I N C E S
O R A C H S
S I T E S
I D E S
T E D
O S
R

No. 335. To solve this Cryptogram, you need
Some patience and some brains,
Experience, too, so now proceed—
A prize the solver gains.

No. 336.
P O S T C A P T A I N
O R P H A R I O N S
S P R I N G L E T
T H I T N E S S
C A N N O N S
A R G E N T
F I L E S
T O E S
A N T
I S
S

No. 337. NUMERICAL.

Not far from England's foggy shore,
Search for an Isle 1, 2, 3, 4.

An English town the 5 to 9
'Tis on your map as well as mine.

When town and island are combined
An English village you will find.

New York City. EFFENDI.

No. 338. SQUARE.

ACROSS:—1. A restriction. 2. A feminine name. 3. Shaped like an egg. 4. Certain officers. 5. To prepare.

DOWN:—1. A line in geometry. 2. A furious person. 3. A genus of plants. 4. Associates. 5. A machine.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 339. CHARADE.

SECOND FIRST at table on Christmas Day,
And THIRD 'till WHOLE—d, so people say.

Fort Clark, Texas. GARNEW.

No. 340. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A nick name. 3. A small bottle. 4. One skilled in representing. 5. A bamboo frame. 6. A meadow. 7. A letter.

Newark, N. J. THERON.

No. 341. LOGOGRIPH.

Behead a plant of herby kind.
Transpose and then a fruit you see.
Behead and then you quickly find
To shower, (or pour, the word will be)
Then syncopate, and lo! it passed or flew away,
Behead and leave an article used every day.

Philadelphia, Pa. PICCIOTTY.

No. 342. SQUARE.

An insect is the FIRST, this kind
Is called Hemiptera, I find;
A color NEXT, a sort of brown:
Tradition, THIRD is written down.
FOURTH is the girl's name of a priest
FIFTH to cross, the last not least
And when the word of this six square
Is wronged, I looked for it with care.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 343. ANAGRAM

Arrange these letters properly—
A work by Mrs. Southworth see.

ROLL ABOVE ARROW.

Henderson, Minn. AL. G. BRA.

No. 344. DIAMOND.

1. In December. 2. A flat boat. 3. A Goddess. 4. Messengers. 5. A dwarf. 6. One accused of a crime. 7. A bird. 8. Perched. 9. In September.

The central word also shows the utter depravity of itself, in attempting, as it says, to baptize an animal, and also tells the name of a coin.

Fulton, Ills. TOWNRAD.

No. 345. CHARADE.

A "mashing" Scot,
One who has got
A cane of light bamboo,
And on his head—
(His hair is red,
His eyes of heavenly blue,)
He sports a "stove-
Pipe hat" above
The auburn locks afore-
Mentioned by me.
And surely he
"Runs" "obstacles" by the score.

And now to you
Comes an Hebrew
Or rather, 'tis his name:
'Tis not Levi,
And if you try
To find this Jew in vain,
Turn to your Dic—
Tionary quick.
And try, and try again,
And when you're thro
I'm sure that you,
Define the word the same.

At half past ten,
The hour when
With puzzling I got tired,
When Sleek & Son
And "Wilkin s" pen,
Have duly been admired,
I use the WHOLE
To light the bowl,
Or rather what is in it,
Of my old meer-
schaum, p'pe—don't fear,
You'll find it in a minute.

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 346. SQUARE.

1. Accusation. (Rare.) 2. Bearded with long hairs. 3. Rings. 4. Unwinds. 5. A seed vessel. 6. A dramatic representation. 7. Degrades.

Sedalia, Mo. RY FEW.

No. 347. CRYPTOGRAM

NO CAT GYRO NYDSIED JIODLT SEMYA
ARF ALD.
NO CAT GYRO NYDSIED KISMXTOBKO
ARF GYRO NYDSIED ROALD
NO CAT GYRO NYDSIED ZLYTOBFM ARF
GYRO NYDSIED QUIXM
QED NYRYGVVOF COR KAB SID
GYRO NYDSIED KIXM.

Sedalia, Mo. JIM NASIUM.

No. 348. DIAMOND.

(To "Comet.")

1. What can I do, but tell to you,
Who read this Cerebration,
That what will here to you appear,
Is an abbreviation.
2. To travel slow my NEXT will show,
You fit a rubber in it,
It is to stuff (but that's enough,)
You'll have it in a minute.
3. Some great cathedral you may see
Where priests recite the masses
Whence angels bear to heaven each prayer
'Tis THIRD with colored glasses.
4. Smith as a cinque port lived I think
At Hastings, Hythe or Dover;
He, though John Smith, was not a myth,
But FOURTH as you'll discover.
5. A child of Jove, by Latona's love,
So healthful, fair and gifted
Minerva, this your temple is,
From Athens 'tis here shifted.
6. Here Spanish flies, will greet your eyes,
They're used to raise a blister,
These flies will raise! Not many days
Ago, a certain Mr.
7. By a raise did fly—down a doorstep. Why?
Just then high up went leather,
(But not its price,) and in a trice,
He raised coal's stormy weather.
8. He SEVENTH what he then had got
He chronicles then, was serving
In Khedive's plot, a certain sect
In Eastern countries dwelling.
9. No doubt you know as well as Poe
He likes "knots" finely knitted,
He can have these knots if he pease—
A certain to them he's quitted.
10. A fit lie nick name you will quick
Ly for the TENTH discover,
11. My LAST take pause from the Chinese
Who salute me as no lover.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of July 26th were solved by Jarep, Goose Quill, Waverly, J. C. M., Nic. O'Demus, Brownie, Percy Vere, A. Solver, Mattie Jay, Maud Lynn, O'Possum, Piowy Ann, Comet, Balfour, Mrs. Nickleby, Capt. Cuttle, Kos, Theron, El Fen, Dare Greater, Apollo, Joe Mullins, Hantal, B. Gage, Nutmeg, Effendi, Trabmer, O. C. O. La., Ma Noble Dook.

COMPLETE LISTS—Jarep, Goose Quill, Waverly.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Jarep, - - New York City.
2. Goose Quill, - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Axile—Square. Hal Hazard—Diamond, two Reversed Rhomboids and three Squares. A. L. Bert—Square Diamond and Double Acrostic. Kate Nickleby Crossword. O. C. O. La., Triple Acrostic and Reversible Triple Acrostic. O. Possum Compound Double Acrostical Square and Diamond. G. M.—Crossword. Locksley Square Acrostic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AXILE. If you As I
Lean towards the art
Of pleasant puzzle making
You are the one
To make my heart
Go pit a pat with shaking.

G. M. Crossword accepted. Study up the work of the best puzzlers and "go and do likewise."

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY S. E. D.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Just soft enough to remember
Your heart thro' the cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Generous enough, and kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above;
Oh, from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

ABOUT LOCUSTS.

A RESIDENT in Smyrna sends the following interesting communication regarding those Eastern pests, the locusts. He thus writes: In the month of May I went to a village situated some five miles from the town of Smyrna. On one part of the line there is an incline, which I noticed we were ascending at an unusually low rate of speed, and the engine was puffing and laboring in a most unaccountable manner. On looking out of the window to ascertain the cause, I perceived that the ground was literally covered with locusts; and scarcely a minute had elapsed ere the train ceased to move, owing to the rails having become wet and slippery from the number of these insects that had been crushed on the line. Sand was thrown on the rails, and brooms were placed in front of the locomotive, by which means the train was again set in motion; and we finally reached our destination in about thirty-five instead of fifteen minutes, the usual length of the journey. On entering the village, I called at a friend's house, and found the inmates assembled in the garden, drawn up in battle array, armed with brooms, branches of trees, and other instruments of destruction, waging war against their unwelcome visitors, the locusts, which, it appears, had scaled the outer walls of the premises, taking the place by assault, and were committing sad havoc on every green thing to be found in the garden. The united efforts of the household, however, were powerless against their enemies, which were momentarily increasing in number; so they were compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, and seek refuge in the house.

I now propose to give some account of the nature and habits of these insects, which may possibly not be uninteresting to your readers. Locusts are first seen towards the end of April on the slopes of the hills, where the eggs of the female had been deposited the previous autumn. When born they are about the size of ants, but develop in a wonderfully short time to their full size. Early in May they are sufficiently strong to travel all day on foot, collecting together at night in dense masses. At sunrise they recommence their march—their heads invariably turned to the south—devouring every green herb that comes in their way, grass especially being their favorite food. In the rear of these advancing armies others are following, which subsist on what is left by their more fortunate companions of the advance guard. Towards the end of May locusts are sufficiently developed to take short flights on the wing, and wherever they alight woe betide the unfortunate owners of the property! In June and July they rise to a considerable height in the air, their infinite numbers occasionally darkening the sun. As at this season of the year there is no more grass in the plains, and the corn has been harvested, the vineyards are unmercifully attacked, as well as the leaves of trees; and when hard pressed for food, even the bark of the trees is not spared by these voracious insects. Locusts die off in August; but before this occurs the females bore holes in the ground on the slopes of hills, sufficiently large to insert their bodies; then the males—I am assured by eye-witnesses—cut off their wives' heads; and thus the eggs which are contained in the females, bodies—averaging about seventy in number—are preserved against the inclemencies of the winter season.

It occasionally happens that locusts disappear for a number of years in succession; it is therefore presumable that in seasons of scarcity they are compelled—before the breeding season—to take long flights in search of food; and when this occurs, millions are found by the sea, and the effluvia from their bodies often occasions great sickness. In the year 1832 locusts lay two feet deep in the Bay of Smyrna. Shipping and typhus and other fevers became so prevalent in the town that many families in a position to leave, took refuge in the country villages.

Locusts, as mentioned before, are born on the slopes of the hills, and when they are sufficiently developed to commence their work of destruction, descend into the plains in long and regular columns, never deviating from their path. Anticipating this method of progression, trenches are dug at the base of these hills; and when the locusts are within a few yards of the pits, they are inclosed between two long strips of canvas placed perpendicularly in parallel lines leading to the mouths of the pits. A piece of oil cloth is then spread on the ground, extending a few inches over these trenches in a slanting position, over which the locusts continue to advance, and are precipitated into these traps in large quantities, and immediately destroyed.

STUTTERING.—The conditions favorable to stuttering may be hereditary, and may manifest themselves when the child begins to talk. Some stutterers have never known free speech. Stuttering may be caused also by fright and by imitation. Stuttering sustains itself. That is, the original cause may be removed, and yet there is no end or diminution of the impediment, which, on the contrary, increases. If a child recovers from nervous or muscular weakness—the first cause—the stuttering may seize hold of the chest, and by deranging respiration make conditions which of themselves would bring on the malady. Or if defective respiration be the first cause, and it be remedied, the stuttering may find nourishment in disordered nerves or unhealthy brain. Thus, as already stated, causes and effects pass the one into the other, so that they are constantly changing not only themselves but also the character of the stuttering, whose outward manifestations, at intervals of five or ten years, would appear entirely different to an observer. In nothing is the adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," more applicable than in stuttering. Indeed in this instance an ounce of the one is more effective than a hundred weight of the other. Children with stuttering tendencies should be especially well nourished; they should take a great deal of physical and outdoor exercise; care should be taken that their lungs are fully developed, and that their nerves are not irritated. Late hours and highly seasoned food, and everything tending to derange, weaken or unduly excite, mentally or physically, should be avoided. The child should not be allowed to talk too rapidly, nor when out of breath. If he has trouble with a word he should be asked to repeat the whole sentence, and not merely the offending word. Oftentimes a serious mistake is made here. The child is drilled upon his most difficult words, and he comes to fear them; and, as a result, his ability to articulate them is continually lessened. He should not be permitted to associate with another stuttering child; indeed, no child should. Inveterate stuttering may be caused by mimicking others. Throughout, the child should be subjected to kind but firm treatment.

Grains of Gold.

The key to every man is his thought.

Appointments once made become debts.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

There is no grief equal to the grief which does not speak.

Being sometimes asunder heightens love and friendship.

Love gives insight, and insight very often gives foreboding.

A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence.

An honest man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience.

Man cannot resist thought, but he may regulate that which comes to him.

The man who knows himself will never be impudent to his fellow beings.

To raise esteem, we must benefit others; to procure love, we must please them.

Anger is like a ruin, which in falling upon its victim, breaks itself to pieces.

Be content with enough. You may butter your bread until you are unable to eat it.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we do possess.

Find out what men laugh at and you know exactly how refined and intelligent they are.

The beginning of faith is action, and he only believes who struggles—not he who merely thinks a question over.

"The greatest pleasure I know," says Chas. Lamb, "is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident."

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured, yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to repent the past.

We can in no way assimilate ourselves so much with the benign disposition of the Creator of all, as by contributing to the health, comfort and happiness of our fellow creatures.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscoat, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Perfect sincerity is the result of a deep inward order, in which the true relations of things are grasped so firmly that our words, our silence, and everything else which goes to make up our intercourse with each other, fall into their right places without an effort.

Choose ever the plainest road: it always answers best. For the same reason choose ever to try what is the most just and the most direct. This conduct will save a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

Yang-Chin, celebrated in one of the Chinese odes on virtue, had a friend who brought him a bribe, saying, "It is now evening. Take it, and no one will know it." Yang Chin replied, "Heaven and earth know, and you and I know it; how can you say no one will know it?" And with this he refused the offer.

It is a beautiful thing to acknowledge an error we are conscious of towards another; and a more enjoyable thing to know we are wiping away the tears of pain our thoughtless words have caused. The ready smile, a cheerful spirit, and the encouraging words of a time-tried companion, are beautiful things to the eyes of angels.

A person that only endures stands on a level with the animals, which can effect nothing out of a mishap. The human power begins there, where you grasp, comprehend and master what you endure, and make something of yourself. When you lazily allow yourself to sink into endurance, then you are yourself to blame for your affliction. Arouse yourself.

When Bewick was asked to what he owed his marvellous success in portraying beasts and birds, his answer is said to have been that he supposed he "looked harder at them" than most men did. A like reply was that of Mrs. Siddons, who when questioned as to the art with which she produced such electrifying effects on the stage, said "she simply did the best she could."

Femininities.

France has 1,800,000 marriageable girls.

There are three lady physicians practising their profession in Berlin.

Atlanta has a belle who claims that her average is a dozen plates of ice cream an hour.

Fans for bridal gifts are of silk or satin, decorated with a painting by some celebrated artist.

A girl went back on her bow-legged beau because she said she "didn't like to waltz in brackets."

Flat jet beads, held together by elastic bands, are fashionable among people who wear mourning.

A Boston servant girl has lived in one place eleven years, and never missed but two nights going out.

Two women of Gwinnett county, Ga., finding nobody else to elope with, ran off with a couple of convicts.

Sweden is the Paradise for married women. They have undivided control of their property and earnings.

A wicked Cincinnati woman calls the hats that have satined linings in their turned-up brims, "upholstered."

One of the English women now particularly admired in society is Lady De Clifford, who is not yet sixteen, and who was married last spring.

Because a woman has a double chin it doesn't necessarily follow that she is double the "chinner" she ought to be. Mind, we say "necessarily."

When asked how ladies were dressed at a fashionable party the other evening, a modest youth replied:—"About as much as an oyster on the half shell."

Who could bear to think of all that childhood demands of womanhood, if he did not bear in mind the sweet, delusive glamor that washes every woman's eyes.

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to Get Along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.

The difference between she of the sour face and forbidding glance and she of the smiles and cheery presence, is simply that the one is morose and the other more rosy.

A pretty style of hairdressing for the morning is to wave all the hair and twist it into a figure of eight very low at the back of the head, transfixing it with a metal dagger or arrow.

The newest Parisian note paper has the monogram set on a medallion of dark blue or black paper, and pasted at the top of each sheet of paper, and surrounded by a gold border.

A fashionably dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

A certain young lady who was a little behindhand in her summer outfit, surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up she told them because she had no little hat-yet.

There are two lady lawyers in London who have a large legal business through the lawyers, and yet are not allowed to plead in court. There is a vigorous effort being made to allow them all the privileges men lawyers are entitled to.

Mrs. Flintgristle says she never could believe the story about Joshua making the sun stand still. If the boy was anything like her Henry, all the commanding that could be done from morning till night wouldn't keep him still. He's a perfect teetotum, is her Henry.

The other day a lady in Liverpool, seeing a red flag displayed from a dwelling house, unceremoniously entered, and sitting down in the parlor, asked of a servant who was in the room "when the auction would begin." On being informed that the red flag did not mean auction, but smallpox, she rushed from the house like a crazy woman, and was soon lost to view.

An English lady has arranged the photographs of her husband and children in this way:—On a ground of pale blue she has painted a gold bracelet, from which hang three medallions containing the minature portraits of her children, and above it hangs a painted locket in which her husband's head appears, and above the group are painted the words, "My jewels."

The sweet artlessness with which Clementina Jane comes up from some seaside resort in all the glory of her prettiest and showiest gown, quite innocent of the fact that it isn't exactly what everybody in the city is wearing, is beautiful, and so is the way in which she will stand before you, put her little head on one side, and say:—"Dear me, I never thought! Do I look very bad?"

The sternest hearts are melted by the gentleness of women; and in no capacity can she more effectually develop this delightful power than in that of a wife. By her persuasive manners she solicits and commands obedience; and it should be her highest aim not to impair this power. To enable her to do this, it is necessary that she should know how to govern her temper; and this she must mainly effect by striving early to adapt herself to the exigencies incidental to her altered position.

A "sweet girl" graduate out West won a wager from her cynical old uncle, the other day, by repeating, a month after graduation, the titles of the essays by each of her classmates. Later it turned out that she had performed this astonishing feat of memory by a peculiar system of mnemonics. She remembered that one wore a Straw and Black Silk, This recalled the subject, "Suffer and Be Strong." Another wore a White Cut Bias Pique, and that of course showed that her subject was "William Cullen Bryant's Poetry." And so on.

One morning during the late civil war a lady in Scranton, this State, heard that her only son had been killed in battle. The news seemed to affect her reason. She now goes to railway stations once or twice a week to meet incoming trains in the hope that he will come back. She stands and looks up the track with anxious face. As the locomotive dashes round the curve her face lights up with a momentary ray of hope. She peers into the car windows, scans the faces of the passengers, and, when the crowd has gone, and the train has moved on, she sighs and passes down the street with tears in her eyes.

Laconics.

A good looking miss is as good as a mile.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

Better half a loaf than a whole day spent in idleness.

The last thing that a man wants to do is the very last thing he does—die.

A bad little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

Exchange is no robbery, but a Merchants' Exchange is the next thing to it.

Keep your eyes open while traveling. Better let in a cinder or two than nothing at all.

To change window glass to tin—leave the window open when it rains, and it will beat in.

There is one kind of canned goods that goes off considerably quicker than any other—gunpowder.

To forget a wrong is by far the best revenge, particularly if the other fellow is bigger than you.

A female writer asks: "What will my son be?" Why! a boy, as a matter of course, you foolish woman.

The amount of pin money required by the married woman depends on whether she uses diamond-pins or rolling-pins.

Navy blue parasols are getting to be all the rage. The rage is confined principally to the husbands who have to pay for them.

Shakspeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody says he tried the experiment on a coat, but it didn't answer at all.

Tom Moore, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more."

Any father who would go out and put tar on the top of his front gate after dark, must be lost to all sense of humanity and ordinary respectability.

The contented rustic. "Well, Peter, your crops must be ruined by this untimely rain?" "Yes, your honor, but thank Heaven, so are the neighbors'."

A writer in describing the last scene of "Othello," has this exquisite passage: "Upon which the Moor seized a pillow full of rage and jealousy and smothered her."

"Byron's last words to his wife!" exclaimed a lady the other day, throwing down the book, "I'd like to see a man get the last word now! things have changed since then, I guess!"

What is the difference between a permission to speak in a low tone and a prohibition not to speak at all? In the one case you are not allowed to talk aloud; in the other you are not allowed to talk.

Beware of little things! A black seed no larger than a pin point will grow an onion that may taint the breath enough to break up a betrothal, ruin a school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing circle.

"There is a belief, sir, that free passes to the theatre are a modern custom, but I think it must be admitted it was an ancient one, when we remember that Joseph was put into the pit for nothing by his brethren.

"Mamma," remarked an interesting infant of four, "where do you go when you die?" "One can't be quite certain, darling. How can mamma tell? She has never died yet." "Yes, but haven't you studied geography?"

Muffington the other day asked what variety of rose might be found on the battle field. We suggested rows of slain? That wasn't it. Arose and fought again? No. We gave it up. "Ile-rose," said Muffington.

A forty-day husband, on whom the memory of the honeymoon already seems to be powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up? "Because," says the unfeeling wretch, "she is now a little tart."

A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said, "I have been to see Mrs ——." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy?" "Happy! why, I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border!"

At a party at Saratoga, the other evening, the conversation appeared to be dying out, when a bilious man suddenly observed to a young lady on his right: "I don't think they make pills as large as they used to." After that the conversation went out again.

A lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize, thus: "May it please the court, in the heat of debate, I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, and beg pardon."

The following is said to be a copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients: "Sir, I am desired to apply to you for one hundred thousand dollars, due to my client, Mr. Jones; if you send me the money by this day week, you will oblige me; if not, I will oblige you."

An old hunks in New York, who is next heir to his nephew, a young scapegrace in the federal army, received a letter from a comrade to say that the young soldier had run a sword through his body. The old miser joyfully sent $500 to bury him. On inquiry he found that nephew had merely sold his sword for liquor, which he had drank.

It is pretty hard to throw off old habits all at once. A Nebraska dealer in agricultural implements "got religion," felt it his duty to point out the way to others, and said to a farmer: "Brother Jones, I will guarantee that if you join our church you will not only find it the best in the market, but it will take you straight through without any further inventory. Give it a trial, and if not satisfactory, I will take back your religion and refund the money."

FROM CHILDHOOD I HAVE BEEN SUBJECT to severe attacks of Diarrhœa, which generally resulted in confining me to the house for days together. After some urging, I tried Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, the result being so entirely satisfactory, that I regard it as an invaluable remedy for all diseases of the bowels. I have since recommended it to others, and their experience has served to confirm my own.—*Rev W. W. Christine, of N. J. Methodist Epis. Conference.*

SMOKED OUT.

IT was during the war of the Revolution. Night had set in deep; and in a small log hut, situated a few miles from Trenton, New Jersey, were five men, four of whom were seated at an old oaken table, in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthern jug that stood on the table

They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, were evidently Tories. The other was a stout-built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room, with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table, and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was—"Tom, you and I were schoolboys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions, and join us? Your are our prisoner; and if you don't we shall hand you over to headquarters to morrow; while, if you join us, your fortune is made; for, with your bravery and talents, you would distinguish yourself in the Royal army, and after the rebellion was crushed out, your case would be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives; which do you choose?"

'Neither!" said the young man, raising his head, and looking the Tory straight in the face. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner; but when the clock strikes twelve I shall disappear in a cloud of smoke, and neither you, nor your comrades, not even myself, can prevent it. You may watch me as closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow; his mind wanders," said the Tory. "He'll talk differently in the morning."

He returned to his seat at the table leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking.

"None in the least," he said; adding with a laugh, "That is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke?"

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled his pipe, having done which he rose, and commenced pacing the floor. He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time; when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he again rose from his seat, and, slowing knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys! it is twelve o'clock, and I must leave you. Good bye!"

Immediately all around the room were seen streaks of fire hissing and squirming, the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke, amidst which came a loud clap of thunder.

The Tories sat in their chairs, paralyzed with fright.

The smoke cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room, and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades.

They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames—which had now begun to devour the cabin—a low, wooden erection.

The next day two young men, dressed in the Continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous.

"Let us hear all about your escape, Tom," said the other.

"Well," he said, "last evening, as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and captured me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in; and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party but John Barton, our old schoolmate! He talked with me and tried to induce me to join them; but I told them I couldn't do it; that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape—disappear in a cloud of smoke. But he laughed at me and said I was out of my mind. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection; so I filled my pipe and commenced walking about. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket and, as I walked, strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I bade hem good-bye, and told them I had to go. I then knocked the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a drizzling flame of fire shot across, around, and all over the room, and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away I hurled a chair through the window, sprang out, and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

New Publications.

A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World is the title of a most interesting book, rehearsing the wanderings of the educational party under the management of Mr. Eben Tourjee, during the summer of 1873. It is written by Mr. Luther W. Holden, who has discharged his trust in very commendable style. While it is intended as a record and souvenir of this particular trip, the author has made such excellent use of his materials, that it possesses a fragrance and charm for the general reader quite unusual in works of travel. The entire route passed over is detailed with all its daily incidents of interest, and far from the dryness one might expect, it contains all the attractiveness of a romance. There are few places visited, or scenes described, that have not been previously treated by other tourists, yet they are presented in such a way as to give them much of the charm of entire novelty. There is no attempt made throughout at grandly historical or picturesque writing, the author's sole purpose being to make everything as clear, vivid and interesting in point as is possible. Such references as are made to the history of famous persons or things are just what they should be, serving to give the mind a clear idea of them, without weighing it down with formidable quotations, comments or research. Taken all in all, we think it a most delightful work. Accompanying the text is a large number of full-page engravings illustrating various leading objects of interest on the route. The work contains 646 pages, is beautifully printed and bound, and is sold at $2 50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale in this city by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

How Two Girls Tried Farming. By Dorothea Alice Shepherd. Illustrated. Idle Hour Series. Boston: D Lothrop & Co. Price 50 cents. Readers of the Atlantic four or five years ago will remember a paper entitled Two Girls that Tried Farming, founded on the actual experiences of two young ladies who followed the advice of Horace Greeley and "went West," bought a farm, stocked and managed it themselves, and, without help from masculine arms, made the experiment a success. The bracing, invigorating air of the West blows through its pages, and to one surfeited with slipshod "summer novels," and longing for something purer, brighter and fresher, the volume will be like a tonic. We commend it heartily to all classes of readers.

The same firm publish My Daughter Susan, by Pansy, whose stories for young people are so popularly known. My Daughter Susan is the story of a young girl interested in the cause of temperance, and her practical mode of furthering the cause is one well worth adopting. The volume is bound in paper, and belongs to the Idle Hour Series.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for September gives the concluding paper descriptive of the Catskill region, and another interesting descriptive paper entitled Summerland Sketches or Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America, both being properly illustrated. A grumble ace ount of An Ascent of the Matterhorn is contributed by Charles P. Howard, and Marriot Payne gives a well drawn picture of Woman's Position in Germany. His New Birth is a sketch of life and manners in Colorado, by Julian C. Verplanck. L Lejeune has an entertaining description of Ironville, the famous French watering place. John Austin Stevens discusses the characters and careers of Marie Antoinette and her noted admirers De Lauzun and De Fersen.

The other contents are The Grasshoppers, a poem by Kate Hilliard; My Husband's Hobbies, by Jennie J. Young; Notes on the Intelligence of Birds, by Mary Treat: Mr. Carmichael's Conversion, by Anna Richberg: A Grand Council at Okmulgee, by A. M. Williams. Monthly Gossip contains a variety of interesting short articles.

Scribner's September number has a variety of illustrated articles in the list of contents, opening with a description of Sandy Hook, with illustrations by F. S. Church: Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen contributes an illustrated paper on the University of Rome: An American Home on the Amazon, illustrated by Chamberney, is an interesting paper by Herbert H. Smith: Signs and Symbols are discussed and illustrated by Frank B Mayer: My Lord Fairfax of Virginia is the subject of a sketch by Constance Cary Harrison: English Spelling and Reform is by S. R Lounsbury: The Art Schools of Philadelphia are discussed by Wm. C. Brownell: Kate Field contributes a short sketch and portrait of W. S. Gilbert, the composer: J. Brander Matthews and H C. Brenner contribute The Documents of the Case, and Mary Hallock Foote has a short story called A Story of the Dry Season. The poems in the number are Four Leaf Clover, A Poor Mother, Destiny, by Emma Lazarus: The Willis, by David L Proudfit: In Memoriam of the Prince Imperial, by W C Bonaparte Wyse: September, by H. H.: The Blush, by Charles De Kay. Haworth's is continued in several chapters, and it is said will soon be published in book form. Henry James' story, Confidence, is also continued. The usual interesting topics and departments conclude the number.

Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art for August is replete with its usual attractions, the frontispiece reproducing Alma Tadema's picture, Tarquinius Superbus, which also accompanies a sketch of that artist which includes his portrait and picture. The Pomona Festival. The next paper discusses Fortunes Lost and Won Over Works of Art: An Artist's Trip to the Bahamas is profusely illustrated. The paper on Treasures of Art is illustrated by cuts of fine specimens of repousse and damascened silver. New Forms of Panegyric discusses the new artistic phraseology in vogue. No. IV. of Pictures of the Year is finely illustrated. The number contains a fine engraving of John Phillips' sketch of a Highland peasant girl, Eppie Grant, companion to Sue Stuart, published last year, and concludes with a review of Mr. Seymour Haden's lecture on etching.

The latest additions to Appleton's Handy Volume Series, are Charles Reade's Peg Wofington, Money, translated from the French of Jules Tardieu, and My Queen. Peg Wofington is a welcome addition to the series, and in this form will be re read by many. Money is a charming little story, in which the characters are very unique and skilfully drawn, and while it depicts the good and evil effects of money, it develops a pleasant little romance, full of freshness and originality. My Queen is also a pleasant sort of love story, told in the first person. The plot has the usual vicissitudes of love and fortune, and sufficient incident to keep the reader interested. All these volumes are for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

In the reprint of the Westminster Review for August, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., we find the following interesting contents: Free Trade, Reciprocity and Foreign Competition, The Federation of the English Empire, Aryan Society, State Papers, Charles I., The Life of the Prince Consort, Theophrastus Such, A Recognized Element in Our Educational Systems, Contemporary Literature, including Theology, Philosophy, Politics; Sociology, Voyages and Travels, Science, History, Biography, Belles Lettres, Miscellany, concluding with a paper on India and the Colonial Empire.

Number CLV. of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences contains among the valuable list of contents, a large number of original communications on memoirs and cases of the greatest interest to the medical world, reviews, analytical and biographical notices of the latest publications and works relating to, and a quarterly summary of improvements and discoveries in the medical sciences. The articles comprise several on Anatomy and Physiology, Therapeutics, Surgery, Ophthalmology, Midwifery, Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and other subjects. To the physician who desires to keep fully informed of the many improvements, inventions, etc., being constantly made in medical matters, the Quarterly is indispensable. Price $5 per year. H. C. Lea & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

Wide Awake, for September, gives an exquisite frontispiece drawn by Miss L. Humphrey, illustrating Miss Brown's poem, Where the Brook and River Meet. Margaret Eytinge follows with a charming little story about Fright of the Beehive. Mary Wager Fisher tells about How Umbrellas are Made, and Katharine Hanson gives an amusing sketch called Ti Si Poppaty. Little Titian's Palette is a charming poem by Margaret Preston, illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Conspicuous in the number is the poem about Tom Thumb and his adventures, by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, and properly illustrated by J. G. Francis. The American Artist's series gives a sketch and portrait of Samuel Colman. The Legend of the Salt Sea is a story by Rose Graham. How the Birds Keep Cool is one of Geaconeilli's charming illustrations of Vercer. Margery Deane contributes a spirited account of Children at Newport, exquisitely illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Little Hop-o-my-Thumb, a poem, is illustrated by Box. Piecing the Blocks, by Margaret Eckerson, Baby Bird, and the usual departments, conclude the number. The two serials, The Dogberry Bench, and Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olaves, are continued with interesting incidents.

The North American Review for September continues The Diary of a Public Man, which is supposed to be contributed by Thurlow Weed. Richard Wagner also continues his Work and Mission of My Life. Anthony Trollope contributes a paper on The Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Professor Simon Newcombe has an article about The Standard of Value. The Confessions of an Agnostic is also in the number. A. G. Mangeal writes about Intrigues at the Paris Canal Congress. Mayo W. Hazeltine contributes an exhaustive review of Three Important Publications—Finlay's History of Greece, Patterson's Reminiscence of Art in France, and Cox's Aryan Mythology.

The Sanitarian for August contains some valuable articles, opening with one on Out-Door Life, and followed by To Attain Long Life, The Ocean's Death Traps, Industrial Education, Effect of Freezing on Yellow Fever, Diphtheria in Northern Vermont, Boards of Health, Contagious Diseases, Change of Diet, Hatting, Longevity of Millers, and an interesting Editor's Department.

Appleton's Journal for September opens with the first part of a new novelette, entitled Virian the Beauty, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, the author of Archie Lovell, Ought We to Visit Her. The story opens with a vivacity and interest which promises well for the future chapters. Karl Blind contributes his second interesting paper on Russian Conspiracies. John Esten Cooke gives a pleasant description of An Hour With Thackery. Charlotte Adams gives a picturesque description of A Venetian Night. The number also gives a reprint of Madame Vigee Le Brun's interesting Souvenirs. Mr. James Payn writes an amusing paper on the criticism entitled The Critic on the Hearth. There is a paper on Anthony Trollope, and another comparing English and French Paintings, and a reply to Matthew Arnold's paper on Wordsworth in the previous number. The Seamy Side continues with increasing interest, and the Editor's Departments are full of interesting variety.

The September Eclectic reprints a choice variety of articles, and the opening chapters of Black's new serial, White Wings. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. The contents are as follows: Benjamin Franklin, by Thomas Hughes: The Comedie Francaise, by M. Francisque Sarcey: Mechanical Chess Players, by Richard A. Proctor: A Review of New Books, from Blackwood's: W. W. Story's poem, The Mandolinata: Recollections of Thackery: The Colored Man in Australia: Wordsworth, by Matthew Arnold: the conclusion of Sir Henry Thompson's article on Food and Feeding: The Milky Way, from the Swedish of Topelius: several chapters of the serial Mademoiselle de Mersac: The Sociology of Ants: the Ballad of the Bermecide, by Austin Dobson: Literary and Scientific departments.

St. Nicholas for September has a charming frontispiece, Oh, How Deep! drawn by Addie Ledyard representing children around an old well. The illustrations and stories offer a variety of attractions. The opening story is Three Drews and a Crew, by S. J. Pritchard. Lucy Larcom follows with a poem called Rosebud. The Chateau D'Oiron by Katherine Cameron tells about Henri II Faience. Bob's Missionary Work is a story by Louise Stockton. A Run after Sword fish, is by Alexander Young. Helmets and Violets, a poem by Ruth Mariner. Try, a short story by Constantina Brooks. Her Fan and her Furs, by Constance Marion. On Wheels, by John Lewees, tells about the origin of vehicles, with a variety of illustrations. One Summer Day, is a short story by A. E. B. Off for Boyland, a poem by Emma Huntington Nason. A Queen, poem by M. E. Bennett and illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Howard Pyle illustrates the story Gretelein, and the Queer Store by Rosamond Dale Owen. So Wise verses by Adelaide Waters. Pirates of the Chinese Coast, by J. O. D. Nora's Oil Well, a story by Sophie Swett. The Frolicsome Fly, by S. F. Clarke. Buttered Pease in Choctaw, by Frederic Palmer. The story of a Prince, by Paul Fort is illustrated by a Portrait of the late Prince Imperial. The Broom Giant and Slate Picture, by L. Hopkins, and Jack in the Pulpit Letter and Riddle Box concludes the number. The serials, Eyebright and a Jolly Fellowship are continued and will be concluded in the next number, in which will be a short story, by Louise Alcott and a variety of finely illustrated articles.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

News Notes.

Helmholtz, the great German scientist, is fifty-eight years old.

The reigning "beauties" of England are daughters of clergymen.

Mr Langston, the United States Minister to Hayti, has just recovered from an attack of yellow fever.

The Philadelphia Park Commissioners have ordered the removal of the Permanent Exhibition Building within two years.

Captain J. Cone, well known in connection with the various lines of Delaware and Cape May steamers, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is now convalescent.

Emperor William's golden wedding will long be remembered by the poor. The people of Germany contributed on that occasion 2,500,000 marks for charitable purposes.

A late resident of North Carolina, Mr. Jesse H. D. Reed, has given by will his whole property, amounting to $20 000, to three old slaves as a reward for their care of him in his declining years.

Mr A. H. Stephens proposes that Georgia should contribute to the national portrait gallery of the Capitol the statues of James Oglethorpe, and Dr. Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of anæsthesia.

That was a pretty compliment paid by a member of the Chinese Embassy the other night to a young lady. Gazing down at her really pretty shoes, the Oriental remarked: "I love your English large feets."

Lieut. Commander H. H. Corringe, of the navy, will undertake to bring the obelisk presented by the Khedive of Egypt to the city of New York to this country. He will charter a ship of 2,500 tons for the purpose.

King Humbert is reported to work so very hard that he is nearly always late for dinner, and the food which is already half spoiled from being brought some distance shut up in tin boxes, gets to be almost uneatable.

Captain Webb, the English champion, accomplished the feat of swimming from Sandy Hook to Long Island, a distance of about eleven miles. He arrived ahead of time, and did not appear to be at all fatigued.

The name of "Carey" is not very popular with some people in France just now, for it is rumored that several families who bear it have applied to the government for authority to change the designation for something else.

The Ex-Khedive, Ismail Pacha, is reported to have been so afraid of poison during the past few years that he ate only of food prepared by his own mother, and conveyed to him in a box of which she and he alone kept the keys.

The man who finally and officially identified the remains of the Prince Imperial on his arrival was the Paris American dentist Evans, and he did it by means of a peculiar plugging he had once put in one of the prince's teeth.

A Florida man who owns 150,000 cattle, and is richer than anybody else in the State, is a recluse, living in a shanty which has neither fireplace nor chimney. He sells his surplus cattle in Cuba; he seldom sees men, and hides his money in canson his land.

A son of Charles E. Jewell, of the New York police force, who was visiting his grandfather near Poughkeepsie, while gathering apples in an orchard was stung by a number of hornets, and died from the effects of the stings in half an hour. He was ten years old.

The Rev. Mr Munson, who lately astonished a Worcester congregation of Adventists by stepping down from the platform and marrying himself to a young woman, is now astonished to find himself in jail on a charge of bigamy. He is said to have a wife and four children in Kansas.

Chinese diamonds are found chiefly in the Province of Shantung. The diamond-hunters put on thick shoes of straw, and then simply roam about the valleys and the rivers. The rough and pointed gems penetrate the straw and stick fast. The shoes are heaped together and burned, and the diamonds are found in ashes.

The young Princes of Wales, on board the Bacchante, will be treated like other officers of their age and standing, except that they will have a private cabin under the poop. They will join the gun room mess, the members of which will be granted a special allowance, as was the case when the Duke of Edinburgh commenced his naval career.

According to a German paper, a discovery has just been made at Lyons whereby a silken appearance may be given to flax fibres. After chemical treatment of flax yarn, it is dipped into a liquid preparation from silk waste, which leaves a silken coating upon it, and in regard to fineness, elasticity and gloss, the material is said to be as perfect as a substitute for silk.

Ex-Governor Seymour on Tuesday conveyed the Sisters of Charity of Utica and the orphans under their charge to his farm near that city, and he, with his family, made everybody happy. There was seventy-three children. The ex-Governor romped with the little ones, and when they went away at night was seen swinging his hat as they sang a good-bye song.

Professor Landerer, of Athens, says that a very popular remedy against seasickness, in use among mariners in the Levant, is the daily internal employment of iron, according to a method peculiar to themselves. The substance is obtained in a very primitive way—a portion of the iron rust adhering to the anchor and anchor-chain, being scraped off and administered.

Inaction of the Kidneys and Urinary organs cause the worst of diseases which Hop Bitters cure.

The rumor current in both the United States and Canadian press to the effect that Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise returns to England the coming fall, is entirely without foundation. It is understood that Her Royal Highness has invited a number of English friends to spend the winter at Rideau Hall, and arrangements are being made for an exceptionably gay season.

Mrs. Vilet, who lately died at New Albany, Ind., divided the mature part of her life into three distinct and contrasting periods. She was for ten years a washerwoman, working hard for a bare subsistence. Then she went into business as a fortune-teller, and for ten years was so successful that at the end of that time she was possessed of $100 000. Finally she became pious, and during her last ten years devoted her time and money to deeds of charity.

When the Bowels are Disordered,

No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed medicine of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic, it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, very unlike those of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion nullifies those irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce first diarrhœa, and eventually dysentery. The medicine is moreover, an agreeable one, and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite and tranquil nightly slumber are both promoted by it.

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L. A. TYLER, Gen. Agent, Easton, Penn.

THOS. KITCHEN, Agent for Philadelphia, 426 Walnut street.

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We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

For Erysipelas, Salt Rheum or Eczema add half pint hot water to one gill "SAPANULE" and bathe freely.

More health, sunshine and joy in Hop Bitters, than in all other remedies.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

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60 Cards, 20 Chromo, 10 motto, 30 Ocean Shells, Snow flake, &c. Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

WITHIN certain limits, which are mainly those of simplicity, convenience, and good taste, there is almost infinite diversity in the materials and styles employed in dressing children. Ideas have totally changed in regard to color as well as other things, so that instead of using bright greens, blues, reds, yellows, and lilacs, as formerly, we limit the employment of these to the lighter shades, and reserve them for trimming, or for dressy day and evening wear, using the dark colors and neutral tints for ordinary every-day purposes, the same as in dress of grown men and women.

At ten years old the Sunday suit of the boy is almost identical with the suits of the grown man. The pants are a little shorter, and the coat is a jacket. These are the principal points of difference. The shirt, the necktie, collar, the cuffs, the studs, the sleeve-buttons, the suit composed of three pieces are the same. The difference from year to year is in the jacket, which sometimes has a falling collar, as now; sometimes a straight standing collar; sometimes cut away from the front, as now, and at other times cut straight. The changes of late years in the dress of boys of this age have all been in the direction of the plainness which characterizes the dress of men. Cloth suits are no longer embroidered or trimmed with braid, or, after six or seven years, even with fancy buttons. They are simply stitched or bound, tailor-fashion, and modeled in all respects upon strict principles of utility and sobriety.

The two exceptions to this rule are the sailor suits and the Scotch dress. But the latter is seldom seen upon the street, and the former is employed more especially for country wear, and is rarely worn at all by boys over twelve years of age.

For the country, the sailor's suit of dark-blue flannel is almost indispensable, at the seaside especially, and in sections where the temperature of the morning and evening varies widely from that of the middle of the day. This costume affords just the happy medium between thick and thin suits which adapt it to the requirements, and while almost as solid as cloth, is as washable as linen.

The robe "Princess Victoria" is a dress complete in itself, yet simple as the most ordinary under-garment. The kilt plaiting which forms the lower part of the skirt, the plaited front, and the bands or insertion at the back are the only variations from a Gabrielle cut, and these are not more elaborate than the trimming of a night-dress; yet, properly combined, the heading formed of bands of embroidery, and colors or shades tilly contrasted, forms one of the most charming costumes. The size for a girl of fourteen years requires less than nine yards of goods, twenty-four inches wide, so that without the ribbon finish, in a combination of materials of equal value, say fifty cents per yard, the whole dress, including three yards of lining, need not cost more than $5 if made at home.

The "Plaited Blouse Waist" gives an excellent form of bodice for prints, cambrics and ginghams, used for school dresses, and accompanied by a skirt and straight over-skirt, or plaited skirt. It is an easy style, serviceable, and becoming to little girls between the ages of six and sixteen, and may be gathered instead of plaited if preferred.

For some inscrutable reason there appears to have arisen a great desire to utilize handkerchiefs as dress materials. I have frequently described the dresses that were made of Madras handkerchiefs. Dresses are also trimmed with checked foulard handkerchiefs, the checks being small in the centre and like Scotch plaids for the border, but with two colors only, and those always matching the centre; the favorite contrasts are shot red and dark blue, old gold and black, and lastly, black and white.

I have also seen several dresses trimmed with these foulard handkerchiefs. One, for example, has a foundation of black silk, which, by the way, is not seen; the front is trimmed with four flounces of checked black and white foulard, and with flots of black silk ribbon in a continuous line down the centre of the flounces; three pouls of similar foulard at the back; bodice of black merveilleuse satin, with foulard paniers made out of two handkerchiefs; peasant's fichu in foulard trimmed with lace, small foulard and lace revers on the sleeves.

The Nerine is a very fashionable dress at this season; it is made in wool, in silk, and in all light materials, according to the time of day it is to be worn. I will describe three varieties:

For morning.—Red woolen skirt, striped with white; scarf tunic of navy blue cashmere, bordered at both edges with a band of cambric, studded with red Pompadour flowers. Blue cashmere casaquin opening over a flowered cambric chemisette, which is gathered from the centre to the edge of the bodice. Large blue square collar, fastened with a dot of red satin ribbon, and bordered with a cambric band.

For evening.—Skirt of Indian muslin, over pale pink slip; the front trimmed with bouillonnes of muslin and rows of Mechlin lace. Pink and blue striped Watteau scarf, draped round the skirt, and forming paniers on the hips. Bodice with gathered front, and a bouquet at the side, the material being similar to the scarf. Pale blue full sleeves, with Mechlin ruffles. Striped collar, fastened with a Pompadour bow.

White seems to be generally worn, and French nainsook, Indian muslin, and pique profusely trimmed with embroidery, are the favorite materials. Muslin mantelets, trimmed with Breton lace, are worn with the muslin dresses. The waistband and sash on white dresses are now of white ribbon, and the Leghorn straw hat is trimmed with either white satin or black velvet. The bouquet on the bodice is of white rosebuds, or else of white daisies. There is not a touch of color in the toilette. The skirt is almost invariably short, the shoes are low so that the stockings are just visible; they are either pale blue or dark red silk. Embroidered flounces are the favorite trimming. Bodices of colored foulard, gathered at both shoulders and waist, are often worn for a change with white skirt. Chenille embroidery and Breton lace, plaited and frilled, are the principal trimmings.

As with pale pink costumes, so with white ones, black is now used with the accessories. The fan will be white wood, with black silhouettes on the leaves. The long lace mitts will be black Chantilly, and black velvet loops form the trimming on the hat.

For afternoon and evening wear, dotted Swiss muslin, over a colored slip is worn; the bodice will be silk to match, and the gloves and shoes will also match; the fichu, of China crepe, is likewise colored.

When we come to cotton dresses colors run riot, and the more quaint the contrast, the more it is admired. Ginghams of mixed pink and blue trimmed with coarse Russian lace; likewise brown plaid ginghams, trimmed with pink batiste kilting and narrow Breton edgings, are all worn at the seaside. Among the cambrics, those with cream ground and chintz figures are most in demand. The make is a round-waisted bodice, gathered at the shoulders and in front of the waist, a belt of creamy leather known as "alligator skin" being worn above. Parallel lines of small gathers are noticeable in many of the new toilettes, one of the most general consists in massing the fulness of the top breadths of long skirts in a cluster of gathers at least two fingers deep, and attaching this flat gathering to the end of the back of the basque.

White foulard is prominent in summer toilettes. There are jackets made of it, and worn with gay-colored skirts. The trimming is Breton or Spanish lace. White foulard is also used for petticoats that are gored closely to the figure and trimmed with two kilt'ings, edged with lace. Guimpes and chemisettes made of white foulard, are exceedingly pretty with the Pompadour dresses.

For autumn wear I have been shown Indian cashmere costumes of such shades as prune de plum Reine Claude (greengage color), prune de Monsieur (a decided plum color), Carmelite (violet), and Savoyard (brown). The style of make is simple and novel; the back of the skirt is kilted; in front there are two deep flounces likewise kilted; on one side there are loops of satin ribbon to match the cashmere in color; the flounces are bordered with bands of cretonne, printed either with small Pompadour bouquets or with Indian designs, and these cotton bands are laid on in the same manner as wide braid. A similar band borders the kilting at the back as well as the casaquin, which has revers of flowered cretonne.

Autumn mantles are prepared just as we are thinking of summer dresses. These are mantelets with sleeves, and the newest are of black Indian cashmere, with borders of Impeyan pheasant's feathers; others are of garnet cashmere, with a border of ibis feathers.

The Mme. Taillan mantelet will also be much worn as the year advances; it is cut straight like a scarf, and is of fine Indian cashmere lined with light foulard. It has a large collarette at the neck made of a cashmere plaiting, and forming at the top a thick ruche lined with foulard; a similar trimming edges the mantelet. It is worn for example in carmelite cashmere lined with ruby foulard, in silver grey cashmere lined with sonce foulard, in black cashmere lined with straw foulard, &c.

The plumed hats that were in vogue in Louis XII.'s reign have been revived, the style of the sixteenth century being evidently preferred to that of the seventeenth. These Holbein hats are made of coarse black or white straw (generally the former); the brim is very wide, the left side is lowered almost below the ear, the edge being bound with gathered black velvet, and the feathers fall in tufts over the right side of the brim which turns up. One of our *elegantes* has been inspired with a pretty fashion of trimming these hats with large lace fichus. The foundation of the fichu is Mechlin net and the border is old Mechlin lace; the fichu is arranged on the hat with one corner falling over the face, another over the hair, the remaining corners serving for a large bow at the back. The same style is worn in black net, trimmed with black Chantilly, and these Duchesse fichus also serve for mantillas, neckties, &c.

Fireside Chat.

IN the month of roses, though the rain has sadly interfered with even their beauty, people with gardens like to give flowers to their less fortunate friends; and one of the minor difficulties that presents itself is what to put said flowers in, for the store of baskets is sometimes apt to fall short. To meet this want I have seen a large number of tasteful baskets made of cartridge paper; white or light green, with handles plaited or folded. Favorite sizes are 7 in. by 10 in., or 5 in. by 14 in. The sides are turned up about 5 in. all round, the corners folded outside, and secured by tying red China ribbon through, and the handles are secured beneath and at the side in the same way.

In the way of little gifts, there are pen wipers made of rounds of washleather, the outside a circle of dark morocco, with a floral spray, painted with Bessemer's gold. A parasol pen-wiper is also a pretty shape. It is made of bright colored silk, attached to an ivory handle, and filled inside with cloth. And for a gentleman a case for neckties would by many be considered a boon. This is made of cloth, bound with ribbon, twice the length of a necktie when folded, and having side flaps, which turn down on to the ties, when the whole is closed. A lawn-tennis pouch for a gentleman is also to be recommended. It is rounded at the lower edge and secured round the waist by a band, and is, in fact, much the shape of the old fashioned detached pockets our grandmothers wore, but it forms three receptacles, with four layers of material, each shorter than the other, and containing one ball each. These pouches are generally made of crash, and are worked in outline with rackets, balls, or sometimes with Watteau figures.

Crash cushions are fashionable, both in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, just now. Some have a circular Japanese design on one corner only; others are made of light green and other delicate shades of Bolton sheeting, with a spray of Japonica across them, or hops, or white narcissus.

For hanging over a baby's cot I have lately come across a huge red and black knitted ball, filled with odds and ends of wool, which, being soft, cannot hurt the infants.

Some novel bookmarkers are made with inch-wide ribbon fringed, a small colored paper figure, such as are seen on crackers, being pasted on to them above the fringe. With a little care, the most fragile seaweed may be attached to silk with China cement, and to make charming hand screens or shades for lamps. A new introduction are the Austrian lamp shades made of white and colored tissue paper, cut so that there is no join, and the four corners hang in points, the whole being covered with infinitesimal creased lines all over.

An ingenious housewife is made of rows of ordinary Dunstable straw, in the form of a shoe, the sole can be turned down, showing a few leaves of flannel for needles and bodkin, &c., the cotton and thimble finding a place in the upper portion of the shoe. There is at the present moment so large a variety in antimacassars that I approach the subject with a certain diffidence. The satin sheeting as well as satin and sateen are all embroidered and used for the purpose, as well as simply edged with lace; a very cheap and at the same time excellent imitation of Venetian point, finding special favor. A set of handkerchief sachets of white linen to be sent abroad, embroidered with the finest silk, the designs birds of varied plumage, a different one on each, were far more like old Oriental work than what we might expect to produce in our hurried days, when leisure is the last thing thought of. There is a mania for bees and flies, and I have seen not only caps but bonnets embroidered with them.

Round baskets, with a pincushion in the centre, a space for throwing in trinkets, and then pockets for thimble, scissors, cotton, buttons, &c.—just the things required for mending odds and ends during the process of dressing, on the principal that "a stitch in time saves nine"—are all the fashion now for taking about on a tour of country-place visits. A lady's maid's tidy is also worth telling about—viz., a sort of wicker tray, attached to the back of the chair, after the same manner as a sponge basket to a washstand, and intended to contain hairpins, and any other trifles required in hair dressing. They are sometimes made in cardboard, covered with holland, and tied to the chair.

Bassinettes and baby's baskets find a ready sale at bazaars, and many are now made up with crewel embroidered serge and crash. Quite a gem in its way was one presented to a young mother, the material used was white washing silk, embroidered with forget-me-nots, and edged with plaited Breton lace.

Gipsy Table (Suggestions).—A very ornamental table can be made by arranging photographs of one's friends or of celebrities, either cartes or cabinets, in ovals all round the edges, with a painted ornamentation round each in sepia. Above, a wreath of painted leaves or flowers, and in the centre, in a medallion, the monogram in large letters. The photographs ought to be at a little distance from each other. Instead of the wreath of flowers, smaller photographs cut into circles could be arranged round. This is a good way of showing off photographs. They should be floated off their cards, or else carefully split, to make them as thin as possible, and strong gum must be used to gum them on with. Each one should be pressed with a heavy weight. Another way of ornamenting is to cut out the table cover in cloth or thick satin (satin sheeting is better still), and to work an imitation open fan, with the name of the owner upon it. The fan shape must be cut out first to the size of an ordinary fan, in a contrasting color to the table cover, the edge neatly turned in and tacked round; this piece is then laid on the cover, and attached by means of fancy stitches in silk of the same color. The simulated sticks are drawn out in chalk and worked in gold-colored floselle. The name is written out in chalk across the fan and worked in silk letters. The tacking stitches are taken from the edge of the fan, and the whole is finished. Care must be taken to arrange the work as artistically as possible, and to have the effect of an open fan laid on the table. The cover should be stretched on a frame for working, the size of the top of the table being drawn out and outlined with white cotton. The fan may be as elaborate as taste dictates. A real one should be used as a pattern to work from. Coarse-colored oatmeal cloth, with a worsted ball fringe to match, is much used for covering gipsy tables now, and also stamped velveteen in art colors.—A Worker.

Cetywayo begged Lord Chelmsford to spare one or two particular kraals on the road to Ulundi, but the General refused to do so. It now appears that the kraals which the Zulu King desire to see spared were one in which several of his ancestors were buried, and another in which there still lived, at a very great age, a daughter of Chaka, the founder of the ruling dynasty. It will be admitted that Cetywayo showed much good feeling in desiring that these kraals should be saved from destruction.

A dead African eagle was recently found at Malna, on the Southern Greek coast. On examining the bird an iron-headed arrow, over a foot long, was found transfixed under one of the wings. Evidently the eagle had been fired at and struck in Africa by some native, and had borne the arrow, in its body in its long flight over the Mediterranean until it fell dead from exhaustion on touching land at Malna.

The *Saturday Review* says that "the interesting young man" must be pale and thin, have long hair, but no sidewhiskers, eat little in public, never smoke a pipe, be short-sighted, have a big pain, be sour, talk about himself, be impudent, be extreme in opinion, especially on theology and mediævalism; be popular with women, not be able to shoot or ride, hate wet feet, be disliked by men, and, in toto, be "a double-distilled fool."

Bismarck, during his stay at Kissingen, is furnished by the King of Bavaria with two coachmen, two footmen, two carriages, five horses, and a baggage wagon.

Answers to Inquirers.

JOHN I. (York, Pa.)—We really do not know of any book on the subject. Your handwriting can be much improved.

EMILY. (Sebastian, Ark.)—True genius is always modest, and never seeks to "show off." The timidity will wear off in time.

S. G. (Meade, Ky.)—We have not the slightest doubt that smoking tobacco is injurious to boys and youths who have not done growing.

SHACKLETON. (Barton, Kans.)—The question you ask is a strict trade secret, and we much doubt if anyone in the trade will enlighten you.

BLANCHE. (Monroe, Ala.)—The meaning of the word adieu is "to God," as, "leave you to God." It is similar to the English "Good-bye," or "God be with you."

M. W. L. (Peabody, Mass.)—There is no receipt of the slightest use to you that will eradicate the red mark left by a burn on the side of the face, more especially if it be a severe one.

C. M. L. (Nueces, Tex.)—The annexation of Texas, in 1845, was the principal cause of the war with Mexico. The addition to the territory of the United States by the latter was nearly 500,000 square miles.

DRAMA. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The play of "The Iron Chest" is by George Colman, "Evadne" by Shiel, and the "Damon and Pythias" now on the stage by John Banim, the novelist, author of "O'Hara Tales," etc.

GEO. (New York, N. Y.)—The area of Canada is 249,321 square miles, or two and three-fourth times that of Great Britain and Ireland. The area of the United States is about 3,400,000 square miles, nearly ten times the area of Canada.

MERVIN. (Trenton, N. J.)—A water buoy is a vessel formed generally of wood or cork, moored so as to float over a certain spot, to indicate a shoal or a sand bank. They are usually close vessels in shape of a cone, large and painted so as to be readily discerned.

JEANNETTE. (Amherst, Va.)—It is not a good plan for girls to distribute their cartes de visite with too lavish a hand amongst their acquaintances. If they do so, their likenesses will be very apt to get into the possession of those whom they would much rather should not have them. Sometimes a young lady is occasioned very great annoyance in this way.

E. H. (West Chester, N. Y.)—We do not see how your fondness for the poetical works of Moore, Tennyson, Bryant, Whittier and others, can injure your mind. The anxiety of your teacher on that subject is probably ill-founded; but if you allow your fondness for poetry to interfere with your regular studies, she has good cause for complaint against you.

EMMELINE. (Washington, Me.)—Taking your statement as true, you are not justified in your grumbling because your parents do not lavish their stinted means upon your musical education. The fact that you are "passionately fond of music" is not at all conclusive in your favor, as some of your little brothers and sisters may be passionately fond of food enough to sustain life.

D. L. (Portland, Miss.)—In leaving church with a lady, you should so manage as to save her as much as possible from annoyance from the crowd. If, in order to do this, it should be necessary for you to precede her, then do so; or if you can be of more service by walking at her side, then walk by her side; or let her precede you, if you can best protect her from the crowd by so doing.

J. S. B. (Windsor, Vt.)—We suppose men have an irrepressible tendency to roam over the world and you may be one of that kind. Simply as a matter of business, roaming would not pay very well; but for a young man who wants to expand his mind, heart, and soul, and give his nature a chance to make the most of itself, judicious and extensive travel would not be apt to be disadvantageous.

REAPER. (Pickaway, O.)—The reaping-machine first attracted world-wide attention at the World's Fair, England, in 1851, when an American, Mr. McCormick, exhibited a machine, the original idea of which seems to have been suggested by a schoolmaster named Ogle at Fretham in England, to a millwright of Denwick named Common, who was setting up a threshing-machine in that neighborhood.

T. K. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—You attach too much importance to trifles. There is no deception in wearing a mask at a masked party or ball. Masked balls are universally recognized modes of amusement and recreation, and the costumes or masks are elementary adjuncts thereto. You should be careful lest while you are energetically straining at some innocent gnat a wicked camel does not run down your extended throat.

T. T. (Washington, Minn.)—If the young lady has "actually got tired of her engagement and wishes to terminate it," what of that? How do you know but that she wishes to terminate it in marriage? No young lady can be fairly blamed for getting tired of an engagement which promises to hang on indefinitely. Your best course would be to ascertain the exact facts of the case from her own lips, and then act accordingly.

HOPE. (Henry, Ga.)—It is a mistake for a young lady to strive to captivate the hearts of young gentlemen. The girl who puts herself forward to win the applause or admiration of men almost always fails in her object. Although men may like to be wooed they never respect the women who woo them. A young lady should be as attractive and winning as possible on general principles, but should never make special attacks on the hearts or fancies of men for matrimonial purposes.

ESSAY. (Clermont, Ohio.)—Music and poetry are each persuasive, eloquent; but for a thousand hearts that will leap at the former, only one will glow at the latter. Therefore, in answer to your question, we must contend that poetry has a deeper, a more solid foundation than music; its sweetest and sublimest expositions alter not with years; while music does, for being an art more mechanical, it follows the caprices of fashion, the changes of social sentiment, and the revolutions of history.

PERIN. (Burke, N. C.)—The Cinque Ports, (cinque meaning five), are the English sea-port towns of Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Rithe, and Romney, to which three others have in later times been added, viz: Winchester, Rye, and Seaford. They are incorporated with peculiar privileges and are under the government of a lord warden, to whom writs for the return of members of Parliament from them are directed, and the members so returned are termed the barons of the Cinque Ports.

BECKMAN. (Litchfield, Conn.)—The phrase "When you are at Rome, live like the Romans," came into England through Jeremy Taylor, who gives a Latin version of the maxim in his "Ductor Dubitantium," but it originated with St. Augustine, who cites it as the advice of Sabbath or Saturday keeping, in regard to which the practice of Milan and of Rome differed, that a man who was at Rome would do well to conform to the Roman custom in such matters.

T. K. (Doylestown, Pa.)—The habit of sprinkling your writings with Latin, Greek, French, and other foreign words and phrases, is no doubt as fully reprehensible as your friends say it is. It is a foolish habit thus to mar one's style. There are so few people who are sufficiently familiar with foreign languages to be able to understand such phrases that the frequent use of them utterly spoils a composition for the masses. In fact, it is a good rule (laid down by an old writer) that what cannot be expressed in English had better be left unsaid or unwritten.

MOTHER. (New York, N. Y.)—As a general rule, we think that a parent is to a great extent responsible for the character and conduct of her children. Sometimes, of course, there are cases wherein the wisest parent would be at fault inasmuch as now and then a boy or girl seems to be born into this world on purpose to go astray. But taking families as they run, we think it may be laid down as a general principle, that the child's character is developed and moulded according to the influences exerted upon it by its parents; and that the conduct of young men and young women, whenever they go astray, may be traced either to the direct evil influence of the parents upon them, or else to omissions of paternal duty towards them.

FARMER. (Worcester, Mass.)—There are no physicians who make the removal of superfluous hair a specialty. Depilatories are used, and are usually applied by the afflicted ones themselves. But the hair will grow again, as there is nothing that will kill the roots of hair which grows upon the face, and not scar over the flesh itself. The safest depilatory of which we have any knowledge is a strong solution of sulphuret of barium, made into a paste with powdered starch. A wooden or bone knife should be used in making it. It should be applied immediately after it is mixed, and allowed to remain from five to ten minutes. The face should be previously close shaved, apply only to a small surface at a time, and take care that the depilatory is not extended to adjacent parts.